



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

S244
paEs

UC-NRLF



\$B 80 660

YC 71001

UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY





THE
WILLIAM WARREN
EDITION
OF STANDARD PLAYS



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
No. 5 HAMILTON PLACE
BOSTON

Apple Blossom Time

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Eugene G. Hafer

Five Men

Seven Women

One Interior Set

A delightful, swiftly moving comedy with rapid-fire dialogue, a bright and merry plot, and uproarious comedy situations. When Bob Matthews flees to the crossroads village and assumes the name of Donald Clark, he finds that he has also assumed the guardianship of a girl whom he supposes to be about ten years old. His first experience in the village is a violent encounter with an eighteen-year-old "impudent whirlwind of a girl" who upsets his dignity and rouses his ire to the boiling point, and then laughs derisively at his threats. Imagine his horrified dismay when he finds that this is the girl over whom he is expected to act as a guardian. With this beginning the plot spins merrily on. Cal the village constable's attempts to coax Polly Biddle, the cook; Spud McClosky and Mickey Maguire's race for the hand of homely Malvina Kurtz; the loud-mouthed Charlie Lawrence and coy Nancy; Loretta Harris, the prettiest girl in the village; Annabel Spriggins the village old maid; haughty Mrs. Forrest; Bob and whirlwind Betty Ann—all these scenes and characters furnish laughs and excitement in abundance.

CHARACTERS

Bob Matthews, an unwilling visitor at the crossroads.
Charlie Lawrence, his go-getter friend.
Spud McClosky, direct from Sunshine Alley.
Mickey Maguire, also from Sunshine Alley.
Cal Pickens, the village constable.
Betty Ann Stewart, a human, little whirlwind.
Nancy Prescott, a pretty neighbor.
Loretta Harris, the prettiest girl in the village.
Polly Biddle, caretaker of Tad Forrest's home.
Malvina Kurtz, whose ambition is to have a beau.
Mrs. Forrest, the haughty sister-in-law of Tad Forrest.
Annabel Spriggins, the village old maid.

TIME: The present. The month of May.

PLACE: Room in the home of Tad Forrest at the crossroads.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

A Scrap of Paper

A Comedy in Three Acts

Translated and adapted by
J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON

from "Pattes de Mouche" by
VICTORIEN SARDOU
"

NOTE

The text and business employed in this version follow the usage of the celebrated Boston Museum Company.

LIBRARY OF
THE BOSTON MUSEUM COMPANY
BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

8
E
A

A Scrap of Paper

CHARACTERS

*As first performed in English at the St. James's Theatre,
under the Management of Mr. Alfred Wigan, on
Monday, April 22, 1861.*

PROSPER COURAMONT	<i>Mr. A. Wigan</i>
BARON DE LA GLACIÈRE	<i>Mr. Emery</i>
BRISEMOUCHE, landed proprietor and nat- uralist	<i>Mr. G. Belmore</i>
ANATOLE, his ward	<i>Mr. Ashley</i>
BAPTISTE, servant	<i>Mr. Terry</i>
FRANÇOIS, servant of Prosper	<i>Mr. Lever</i>
LOUISE DE LA GLACIÈRE	<i>Miss Herbert</i>
Mlle. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE, her cousin	<i>Mrs. A. Wigan</i>
MATHILDE, sister to Louise	<i>Miss N. Moore</i>
MADemoiselle ZENOBIE, sister to Brise- mouche	<i>Miss Rainforth</i>
MADAME DUPONT, housekeeper	<i>Mrs. Manders</i>
PAULINE, maid	<i>Miss Oesten</i>

TIME OF REPRESENTATION :—Two hours.



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WALTER H. BAKER & Co.

COSTUMES

PROSPER COURAMONT.—*First Dress* : white summer suit, white trousers. *Second Dress* : a fur coat and fur cap, then a modern gentleman's suit.

BARON DE LA GLACIÈRE.—*First Dress* : a French cap, knickerbocker breeches, gaiters, and a shooting coat. *Second Dress* : an evening dinner dress.

ANATOLE.—Straw hat, light trousers, and a velvet coat.

BAPTISTE.—French servant's livery.

FRANÇOIS.—Groom's livery coat, white breeches, and top boots.

LOUISE DE LA GLACIÈRE.—*First Dress* : an elegant morning dress. *Second Dress* : an evening dress.

Mlle. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE.—*First Dress* : silk morning dress, scarf, and bonnet. *Second Dress* : handsome evening dress.

MATHILDE.—*First Dress* : riding habit. *Second Dress* : white muslin evening dress.

MADemoiselle ZENOBIE.—*First Dress* : modern Spanish hat and feather, dress looped up over petticoat, and balmoral boots. *Second Dress* : white muslin, and a mauve sash.

MADAME DUPONT.—French cap, French country costume.

PAULINE.—Servant's dress.

INTRODUCTION

"Pattes de Mouche" belongs to Sardou's first and, as many still think, his best period. It was first produced in Paris in 1861, seven years after the author's first effort, "Taverne des Etudiants," was hissed at the Odeon. That event was followed by several years of silence so far as the playhouse concerned Sardou. In 1859 the great Dejazet took the author under her patronage, rented a theatre which up to two years ago bore the name of Theatre Dejazet—it is now known as the Theatre de la Republique—and Sardou became a success there with "Armes de Figaro." That success was followed by over-production, twenty plays by the author being produced between 1860-1864. Two only out of that score still live—"Pattes de Mouche" ("A Scrap of Paper") and "Nos Intimes" ("Peril"). The play in hand had its first presentation in English in the same season that it was produced in Paris, —April 22, 1861, at the St. James's Theatre, and the cast is preserved as interesting.

Wigan, who was the first Prosper Couramont in London, as Lester Wallack was in this country, was for a quarter of a century a great favorite in London. Emery, the Baron de la Glacière of that cast, was the father of Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) at present at the Haymarket, London. George Belmore was the father of the pretty Belmore girl who came to America with Wilson Barrett.

"A Scrap of Paper" belongs to what may be called Sardou's "Scribe period." It is ingeniously built, admirably adapted to the actor's needs but neither deep, emotional, nor genuinely dramatic. It is a neat model of a well built comedy, —carpentered rather than developed. But that is the marked characteristic of Sardou, whatever period you study, excepting always what even Zola calls his masterpiece, "Le Haine," which is quite unknown in America.

M. A.

September 26, 1910.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

815
S244
pa Es

A Scrap of Paper

ACT I

Scene.—*A drawing-room in a French country house; windows to the ground, in back, looking out on gardens and park; between the windows a fireplace surmounted by a looking-glass; on either side of the glass a bracket, within reach of the hand, the one R., supporting a statuette of "Flora," the other L., empty; door R. 2 E., door L. 2 E. Old-fashioned furniture, rich, but a little worn; sofa on either side; at L. C., a round table, with a lamp, an embroidery frame, a book and other objects scattered upon it in disorder; chairs. The window, R., is open upon the garden; the window, L., is at first closed in with barred Venetian shutters. At rise of curtain BAPTISTE is dusting the cushions of the sofa with feather duster L.; PAULINE, R., is rubbing the legs of an old armchair with a cloth duster.*

LIVELY music at rise of curtain.

PAUL. (*turning round the chair with disdain*). Only just look at it! Did you ever see such old-fashioned rubbish? But what can you expect in the country?

BAP. A pretty idea, indeed, of master to come down for his shooting to this out-of-the-way old house, when I had made up my mind to take him to Baden-Baden for my lumbago.

(*Opens window shutter R. C.*)

PAUL. (*giving up work*). I've enough of it for one—here we have been at it, in this dust, ever since five in the morning.

BAP. Yes; and after a whole day's railway shaking.

(*Seated R., on sofa.*)

PAUL. (*throwing herself into armchair R. C.*). Second-class, too! That's how poor servants are treated!

Enter MADAME DUPONT, L.

MAD. D. Well, I'm sure! is that the way you dust the furniture?

BAP. No, old lady, this is the way we rest ourselves.

PAUL. To whom have I the honor of speaking?

MAD. D. You have the honor of (*crossing to C.*) addressing yourself, young woman, to Madame Dupont, housekeeper of the chateau.

BAP. (R.). Then I can't compliment you on your house-keeping, old lady. I should say this room has never seen duster or broom on it for the last two years.

MAD. D. (R. C.). You are out there, my master—for it's three.

BAP. } (*laughing*). Three years? (*Both rise.*)
PAUL. }

MAD. D. (C.). Yes, three years! The room has never been opened since my poor old mistress, Madame de Merival, left for Paris, to take her daughter, my *present* mistress, to be married to the Baron de la Glacière. She gave orders that this room was to be shut up until she came back. She never did come back, poor soul! for she died shortly after ma'm-selle's marriage—three years ago. However, I always obey orders; and not a thing was touched till my lady's sudden arrival last night, when she ordered all the house to be ready to receive company to-day—and now to work.

PAUL. We'll soon finish it off.

(*She begins to dust the statuette Flora.*)

MAD. D. What are you about? You mustn't touch that image.

PAUL. But the creature's so covered with dust that she's positively not decent.

MAD. D. No matter; nobody's allowed to touch Flora, since the dreadful misfortune that happened to Zephyr, her sweetheart, who stood opposite. (*Points to the other bracket.*) He was smashed to bits, poor little innocent. And, after that, nobody but Mademoiselle Louise was ever allowed, in my old lady's time, to dust the Flora.

PAUL. Very well, then, there's nothing more to do here. I shall go and have my cup of chocolate.

BAP. And (*crossing to L.*) I to see after my medicated bath.

PAUL. (R. C.). And I to my Parisian correspondence. (*With irony, and a mock courtesy.*) My humble respects, Madame Dupont.

BAP. (*likewise*). Housekeeper of the chateau.

Exeunt servants, R. 2 E., laughing. BAP. *leaves duster on armchair R.*

MAD. D. (*picking up duster, dusting and arranging*). Ugh! what a set! "My chocolate:" "my medicated bath:" "my Parisian correspondence." A pretty pass servants are come to!

ANATOLE *has entered stealthily, by window R. C. during this, and goes down L.*

ANAT. (*mysteriously*). Madame Dupont!

MAD. D. (R.). Bless me, if it isn't Master Anatole! and here at the chateau.

ANAT. (*as before*). Has she come down yet?

MAD. D. What, my lady?

ANAT. Oh! no! Mademoiselle Mathilde.

MAD. D. And pray, where did you make acquaintance with Mademoiselle Mathilde? She has never been at the chateau since she was a little girl—so high.

ANAT. Oh! at Paris—where I went with my guardian, Monsieur Brisemouche—you know.

(*Puts his hat on table L.*)

MAD. D. Yes—our neighbor, who lives in the villa at the end of the avenue. Why, here she is—just coming in from her ride!

Enter MATHILDE, L. C., by window, in a riding habit with whip in her hand.

MATH. (L., *saluting*). Health and greeting to Monsieur Anatole!

ANAT. (C., *turning, startled*). Oh, Mademoiselle Mathilde! You are up, then?

MATH. Up, yes—up in my saddle two hours ago.

Crosses and gives MAD. D. *her hat and whip.* Exit
MAD. D., R. 2 E.

ANAT. (L., *eagerly*). Oh, Mademoiselle !

MATH. (R., *mimicking*). Oh, Monsieur Anatole !

ANAT. I—I—(*breaking down*), I hope you have been quite well since last I had the pleasure of seeing you.

MATH. (*as before*). I—I—have been pretty well, I thank you.

ANAT. There—you are making fun of me again, as you used to do at Paris.

MATH. Utterly incapable of it, I assure you. Well—what have you been doing these last two months ?

ANAT. Doing ? Oh—nothing.

MATH. That's not much.

ANAT. Only scribbling a few poetical effusions.

MATH. What about ?

ANAT. About the worst you ever saw.

MATH. Oh ! show them to me !

ANAT. I dare not.

MATH. Dare not ?

ANAT. No ; they contain things I don't wish to tell you.

MATH. You shan't tell them me—I'll read them.

ANAT. Oh ! no ; you might be angry, and I couldn't bear that ; and so I'd better—(*taking up his hat*) that is to say—oh !—nothing !

MATH. Well, if you've nothing to say, I'd better go.

(*Passes R.*)

ANAT. But I have a thousand things to say.

MATH. A thousand ! That's nine hundred and ninety-nine too many. Don't you think you had better take a turn in the park, just to pick and choose, and then, when you come back, you can say something like this : "Mademoiselle Mathilde—I am very silly——"

ANAT. Oh ! Yes—I know that.

MATH. "I've been expecting the arrival of a young friend—with a certain degree of impatience perhaps——"

ANAT. Yes—reckoning every minute.

MATH. Very well—"reckoning every minute ; and now she is come, I don't dare to say what I've got on my mind ; although there is nothing in it but what is perfectly proper and correct."

ANAT. Nothing, I swear!

MATH. Now, that's what you had better go and repeat to yourself in the park; and when you have got it by heart, you shall come back and say it to me; and we'll see then whether I shall be affronted or not. Good-morning, Monsieur Anatole.

Exit, R. door.

ANAT. Oh!—Mademoiselle Mathilde! She won't stop. It's all over now. I've said it at last—that is to say, *she* said it—but it's all one. I never thought I should have got through my declaration so cleverly. Come, there's nothing like pluck, after all! (MADemoisELLE ZENOBIÉ *calls without*, L. C., "Anatole—Anatole!") Oh, Mademoiselle Zenobie! with my guardian—I can't face them now, I am so agitated.

ANAT. *exits by one window*, R. C., *as ZENO., followed by BRISEMOUCHE, enters at the other*, L. C.

ZENO. (C.). Anatole! Anatole! gone—escaped!

BRISE. (R., *holding a butterfly-net, in which is a butterfly*). No such thing. I've got him—isn't he a beauty?

ZENO. Anatole? (*Crosses to R.*)

BRISE. (L.). No; my butterfly—a remarkable specimen, my dear.

ZENO. Bother your butterfly! Brother, brother, I tell you, you had better be looking after that flighty boy than spending your time hunting for dirty insects.

BRISE. (*sitting by table*, L.). My precious Zenobie, entomology is a science which never did harm to any living creature.

(*Sticks butterfly with a pin on his hat.*)

ZENO. (*snappishly*). I tell you once more, brother, that you don't fulfil your duties as guardian to that child.

BRISE. A child! poor, dear little baby!

ZENO. It was all very well before you conceived the ridiculous idea of taking the boy with you to Paris.

BRISE. It was necessary, my dear, for his law business.

ZENO. And putting all sorts of notions into his head by throwing him in the way of a quantity of improper Parisian flirts.

BRISE. I'm sure he only saw the best of company at Madame de la Glacière's.

ZENO. Madame de la Glacière, indeed! The greatest flirt

that ever existed! I'm sure she got herself prettily talked of before her marriage—only ask that absurd friend of yours, Monsieur Prosper Couraumont, who has just arrived at your house from Cochin China or Nova Zembla, or heaven knows where. (*Sits on sofa, R.*)

BRISE. Well, if she did flirt with Prosper a little before he went abroad, it was before she was married—what of that?

ZENO. What of that? Flirting is flirting, before or after; and she and her Parisian flighty friend, Mademoiselle Suzanne, who is old enough to know better, are not fit associates for an innocent boy like that.

BRISE. And do you expect that he is to be an innocent boy all his life—tied to your apron strings? I was an innocent boy once myself, and I am now a devil of a fellow —

ZENO. Brother, I insist on you holding your tongue! You know you are going to say something shocking.

BRISE. Well, there, there! We'll get him well married to keep him out of harm's way.

ZENO. Married! (*Simpers.*) Well, there can be no objection to that, providing we find him a fitting, prudent help-mate.

BRISE. The truth is, I have an idea —

ZENO. You? Nonsense! What's your idea, I should like to know?

BRISE. Well—no—I haven't an idea.

ZENO. You've got some foolish notion in your head. Speak, sir—I insist on it.

Enter PROSPER, by window, R. C., dressed in an entire white suit, with a Chinese parasol over his head, and a Chinese fan.

PROSP. Don't speak, Brisemouche! (*Both turn.*)

ZENO. (*sharply*). Sir!

PROSP. (*C.*). Don't speak, I tell you! When your amiable sister fails in violence, she will have recourse to the charms of persuasive seduction, which will be all to her advantage.

(*Bows to ZENO.*)

BRISE. (*L.*). Oh! oh! as to seduction —

ZENO. (*R.*). Hold your tongue—you are going to say something shocking again. (*To PROSP.*) And do you mean to say you have been round the village in that outlandish garb?

PROSP. I've been round the world in it! And I may say triumphantly, I produced the most striking effect just now on a charming girl I met on horseback—a charming girl! She laughed in my face!

ZENO. I should think so, with that parasol and that fan! Such an outrage on all decorum was never seen!

PROSP. Very frequently at Peking.

BRISE. Yes, among such savages as the Chinese —

PROSP. Savages! Listen to my European! He thinks himself the great lord of civilization when once he has sneered out the word "savages." Why, man, in these two highly civilized countries, China and Japan, the savage would be you—with your whiskers like two mutton chops on either side of your face, and your chimney-pot of a hat on your head.

BRISE. I—a savage?

PROSP. Yes—you—I—Mademoiselle—all of us—in China! My friend 'Brisemouche doesn't eat hashed puppy dogs and stewed birds' nests; but he devours pickled oysters and snails *a la poulette*. My friend Mademoiselle Zenobie doesn't pinch her little foot in a shoe the size of a walnut-shell; but she pinches her waist, and sticks out her dress with a cage of crinoline. I don't smoke opium—but I smoke twenty cigars a day—ruin my pocket, brutalize my faculties, and make myself a nuisance to every delicate rose. Savages all of us, I tell you—savages! (*Crosses to R. C.*)

BRISE. I should like to see you come to a pitched battle with Mademoiselle Suzanne on these points; and I'll wager she has the best of it. I know her arrival here is expected in the course of the day.

PROSP. And pray, who is this redoubtable Mademoiselle Suzanne?

BRISE. Mademoiselle Suzanne de Ruseville, cousin to Madame de la Glacière, and godmother to her young sister Mathilde—

PROSP. Godmother, and still *Mademoiselle*? (*Back to c.*)

BRISE. Although mistress of a large fortune, she has refused every offer, and chosen to remain single from the sheer love of independence.

ZENO. Ridiculous affectation! Don't talk of her—she's highly improper!

BRISE. At any rate, though she does live in the midst of the best Parisian society in the most independent style—

ZENO. The audacious creature!

BRISE. She makes a better use of her freedom than most women do of their ——

ZENO. Hold your tongue, brother! You are going to say something shocking.

BRISE. (*seeing the BARON DE LA GLACIÈRE, L. door*). Hush, hush, my dear! here comes our host, the Baron de la Glacière—as usual all life, spirits, and gayety.

Enter the BARON, L. door.

ZENO. (*rising*). My dear Baron. (*Crosses to L.*) I'm delighted to see you! How is your dear lady—slept well, I hope, after the fatigues of her journey?

BARON (*cold and impassive*). Perfectly.

BRISE. Is she visible yet? (*Rises and bows.*)

BARON. Yes.

BRISE. We will go and pay our respects. (*Crosses to c.*) Allow me to present to you my friend, Monsieur Prosper Couramont, who is staying in my house. He wants to speak to you on a matter of considerable importance.

(*PROSP. and the BARON bow.*)

BARON. Very well. (*Seated R. of table at L. C.*)

PROSP. (*aside*). It isn't a man—it's a polar bear!

BRISE. (*R. C.*). Come, Zenobie, you know when men want to talk in private ——

ZENO. (*L. C.*). Silence, you were going to say something improper; you know you were.

Exeunt BRISE. and ZENO., door L. 2 E.

BARON (*motioning PROSP. to a seat*). You may sit down if you like.

PROSP. Thank you. (*Sits L. of table.*) You won't think me rude, Baron, if, at this very early period of our acquaintance, I ask a favor of you?

BARON. Want to shoot over my land?

PROSP. Not exactly. The game I have in view is not precisely what you mean.

BARON (*coolly*). Ah!

PROSP. I am a queer, frank fellow, and I always go straight to the point. I dare say you will be surprised to hear that, though I've come all the way from the other end of the world to get married, it is nevertheless very much against my will.

BARON (*as before*). Ah!

PROSP. Now, I'll tell you how. I am the only heir of my uncle, who is enormously rich, and still more enormously obstinate. I have always been a sort of careless devil, and never took much care of my money—that may surprise you.

BARON. Not in the least.

PROSP. My travels round the world have played the deuce and all with my fortune; you naturally ask why I should have undertaken them.

BARON. No, I don't.

PROSP. No? Then you don't want to know how the cruel treachery of a heartless coquette compelled me to seek oblivion on the stormy brine?

BARON. No.

PROSP. No? But, of course, you must be impatient to learn the reasons which compel me to marry.

BARON. No.

PROSP. You'll excuse me, but it's indispensably necessary you *should* be impatient to learn them, or else I shouldn't have any earthly reason for telling you them.

BARON (*coolly*). Very well—I'm all impatience.

PROSP. Thank you! Your obvious impatience I will relieve at once. About a month ago, after tossing more or less on the aforesaid stormy brine for the space of three years, I knocked, with all my crocodiles, stuffed parrots, and pet monkeys, at the door of the uncle I just mentioned. He lives about a mile from here, in a sort of dilapidated owl's nest. "Ah, you vagabond," said he, "it is you, is it?" "Yes," said I, "it is." "And are you married?" said he. "Married?" said I; "do you think I have brought home the queen of the Cannibal Islands?" "Heartless ruffian," said he; "here have I condemned myself to the miseries of celibacy, entirely on your account, expecting you to marry and bring home a wife to make my gruel for me; and you persist on leaving me a solitary anchorite in my hermitage." He was speaking of the owl's nest—"Go," said he, "there are plenty of charming girls in the neighborhood, and if you don't present me with a niece-in-law in six months' time, I will marry my maid-of-all-work, and cut you off with a sou." Now what do you say to that?

BARON. Nothing.

PROSP. Nothing? Very well, then—we won't say another word about it. Well, I at once took up my quarters at the

house of Brisemouche, your neighbor, who always has a bachelor den ready for me. I told him my dilemma, and he at once suggested a way out of it. He described your charming sister-in-law as just the wife for me—advised me to pay you a visit, make your acquaintance, and propose for the young lady's hand. I have paid you a visit, made your acquaintance, and I hereby propose for the young lady's hand. (*Rises.*)

BARON. Very good.

PROSP. Well, then, what do you say?

BARON. I don't say "no."

PROSP. Then you say "yes."

BARON. No.

PROSP. Then, my dear sir, what the deuce *do* you say?

BARON. You must see my wife and her sister—it's their affair. (*Rings bell on table; rises.*)

PROSP. So be it—I had the honor of knowing Madame de la Glacière before her marriage, three years ago, when I was staying with Brisemouche, but not her charming sister, who was then at school.

Enter PAUL., R.

BARON. Tell your mistress a gentleman requests to see her.

PROSP. And give her my card at the same time.

Exit PAUL., L. *door with card.*

BARON. Stop to lunch if you like.

PROSP. Enchanted!

BARON. Excuse me now—I must go and look after my dogs. (*Crosses to R. C.*) We have a shooting party after luncheon—you can come with us if you like.

Exit *by window*, R. C.

PROSP. Cordial creature! I have made easy work of the husband—and now for the wife. (*Crosses C.*) His wife! Louise! Pretty changes three years have brought about! Not in this room, though—it looks exactly as when I last saw it—the table—the ornaments—the same—and the very same piece of embroidery. (*Takes up book from table R. C.*) "Genevieve!" the very book we were reading. Why, it's the palace of the sleeping beauty in the woods, with everything asleep in its place.

Enter the BARONESS, LOUISE DE LA GLACIÈRE, L. door.

LOUISE. Till you come to wake it up, my fairy Prince.

PROSP. (*turning*). Louise! (*Checks himself*.) Madam!

LOUISE (*showing card*). I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read this well-known name. And it is really you?

(*Comes down L. C.*)

PROSP. Positively I, and no other—am I so changed, then?

LOUISE (L. C.). Indeed you are!

PROSP. (R. C.). Frank, at all events. I will be as candid—time has passed you by.

LOUISE. As gallant as ever, I see—but you are wrong—I am changed entirely.

PROSP. Entirely? What, does nothing then remain of the heart, which three years ago promised mine so bright a dream of happiness?

LOUISE. Nothing whatever—there's not a scrap of my heart, nor a thought of mind, that does not belong to its proper owner.

PROSP. A sad change indeed. (*Sighs*.)

LOUISE. Now, don't sigh in that silly way, my dear Prosper. Our idle flirtation, I'm sure, has no more real place in your heart than it has in mine. We shall always be good friends, and have long talks about your travels, and so on. And now, what did you wish to see me about?

PROSP. About my marriage.

LOUISE. Marriage! tell me all about it—with whom?

(*Sits at L. of table.*)

PROSP. With your sister, Mademoiselle Mathilde de Merival.

LOUISE (*amazed*). Mathilde! she's a mere child.

PROSP. There are no children now, madam, except babies in arms.

LOUISE. But she doesn't even know you.

PROSP. So much the better—the unknown has so many charms. (*Sits on sofa R. C.*)

LOUISE. How do you know but what she may love somebody else?

PROSP. I should be delighted to hear it,

LOUISE. Delighted?

PROSP. Certainly, my dear madam. I've been in China, and know something about teas—it's a capital plan to pour boiling water on the tea leaves, in order to open them, and then throw it away—the first infusion is apt to be bitter—the next cup is sure to be all the more agreeable. So with love, my dear madam,—throw the first infusion away, and the second will have all the real flavor.

LOUISE. You are not so much changed as I thought—you are as absurd as ever, I see.

PROSP. You are happy, I presume?

LOUISE. Perfectly: I love my husband devotedly—(*rising*)—and if I have a regret, it is that I should have deluded myself into the belief I ever cared for another.

PROSP. (*rising*). There, you see—you have flung your first infusion away; and the matrimonial cup is all the sweeter for it. Why should you deprive your charming sister of the same advantage?

LOUISE. Prosper, with my consent, this absurd marriage never shall take place. I was a silly, frivolous, foolish coquette—if you will—when first I knew you, sir. Much as I deceived myself in fancying I was attached to you, I will not have the remembrance of my folly forced upon me, by the presence, in my family—before my husband's eyes—of one whom I have ever permitted to —

PROSP. Don't stop—to utter words of love, which you so sweetly echoed.

LOUISE (*angrily at first—then calmly*). You yourself have proved how right I am. Come, come, be generous. It is but little I ask of you. You do not even know my sister—give up the idea of her, and leave the house; be assured I shall ever feel for you the truest friendship.

PROSP. I am very sorry—but I don't believe it.

LOUISE. You don't believe —

PROSP. In your friendship—no—no more than I would counsel you to believe mine. You are right in saying that what we both thought love—yes—both—was nothing of the sort. But, besides wounded affection, there is such a thing as wounded vanity. Three years ago you dropped me like a hot potato. (*PROSP. advances to LOUISE; she retreats to L.*) That potato's not cold yet—I have nursed it at the poles, and roasted it at the tropics; the ashes of wounded vanity still glow in it; and nothing but revenge can quench them.

LOUISE. What do you mean ?

(*Seated L. C., takes up embroidery.*)

PROSP. Everything around us remains exactly as when we last met. It will require the very smallest effort of imagination on your part to believe the interval of three years only one night—that our parting was but yesterday. Well—yesterday you were sitting there working at that very same piece of embroidery. (*Seated R. C.*) I was sitting here reading aloud this identical book ; your mother dozed in yonder armchair—but dozed so lightly that our love could only be expressed in looks and sighs, and little notes flicked across the table—notes that I, poor innocent that I was, never failed to burn. (*Rises.*) Look ! even our beloved post-box—that statuette of Flora—is still there, as it was there years ago—I mean yesterday. Well, then—yesterday evening, Mademoiselle Louise de Merival, you left me with the sweet consoling words, “ We meet again tomorrow ”—and this morning I find you Baroness de la Glacière. You must admit the transformation appears rather abrupt.

LOUISE. And whose was the fault?—yours—and yours alone !

PROSP. Mine ?

LOUISE. Why were you not near me to prevent the wicked Baron from carrying me off ? Where were you ?

PROSP. Where was I ? On leaving you last night—three years ago—instead of going home to bed, I stayed standing on the damp grass to gaze upon your window—I had lighted a cigar and was emitting smoke and sighs together, when all at once I saw a little bright spot before me. It wasn't a glow-worm—it was another cigar.

LOUISE. A cigar !

PROSP. Yes ; with a man behind it—one of your ardent admirers, Monsieur de Revière. Mutual surprise, considerably augmented by the discovery of a third bright spot ! It was a third cigar—with a third man behind it—Monsieur de Tonnère, another of your ardent admirers.

LOUISE. Ah ! (*Rises.*)

PROSP. Three burning hearts offering the incense of their love and their cigars beneath your window ! Stormy explanations ensued ; and two very satisfactory little duels were the consequence.

LOUISE. Good heavens ! (*Sits.*)

PROSP. De Tonnère contrived to give me a lunge through the arm, which caused me to be carried home fainting, and put to bed in a state of high fever and delirium—and there's where I was.

LOUISE. But my letter must have explained ——

PROSP. Your letter?

LOUISE. Yes—the letter that I wrote to tell you of my mother's determination to start for Paris at daybreak—to marry me to the Baron de la Glacière. I scarce know what I wrote; but you must know—you must remember.

PROSP. Upon my honor, this is the first word I have heard of it.

LOUISE. Do not say that. I came down here by stealth to place the letter in the usual spot—certain that you would seek, and find it there, the next morning.

PROSP. But the next morning I was in a bed with a high fever, I tell you.

LOUISE (*rising, alarmed*). But if you did not take it, who did? Where can the letter be?

PROSP. Where it was, perhaps—inside the Flora!

LOUISE. Yes—this room has never been opened since ——

PROSP. Then the letter must be still there.

(Both turn and look at Flora.)

LOUISE. I scarce dare look.

PROSP. Never mind, I will. (*Starts calmly up stage.*)

LOUISE (*eagerly*). No! I—I. (*They both go up to Flora.*)

Enter the BARON by R. C. window.

PROSP. (*turning sharply, with coolness. LOUISE comes down to c.*). Your dogs are all right, my dear sir?

BARON. All right (*Crosses to c., to LOUISE, who is transfixed with alarm.*) What's the matter?

LOUISE (L. C.). Nothing.

BARON (C.). You seem agitated.

PROSP. (R. C.). Yes; the subject of our conversation—the object of my interview—was of a nature to ——

BARON. Oh! exactly—your offer.

PROSP. Precisely so.

BARON (*to LOUISE*). Well?

PROSP. Well, it appears it's a settled affair.

LOUISE. I have convinced Monsieur Couramont that there are serious obstacles in the way.

BARON. Ah!

PROSP. I beg your pardon! Obstacles to me are only stimulants.

Enter MATH., door R. C. from L., followed by ZENO., and ANAT., and BRISE., who crosses over to R. ANAT. and ZENO. stand disputing at table L. C.

MATH. (*crossing to L., and kissing LOUISE*). Good-morning, sister dear!

PROSP. (R., *aside*). Sister! She! My enchanting horse-woman of this morning! (*Aloud.*) No, no; unless the lady herself objects, I shall endeavor to stand my ground.

BARON. Quite right—try your luck.

(*Goes up L., with MATH.*)

LOUISE (*low to PROSP.*). This is neither delicate nor generous of you; but at the same time, it is perfectly useless, believe me. (*Goes up C. to MATH.*)

ZENO. (*to ANAT.; apart*). I forbid you to say one word to that Mademoiselle Mathilde, sir. (*Takes ANAT. up R. C.*)

BRISE. (*coming down to PROSP.*). Well, how do you get on? What does the Baroness say to your suit?

PROSP. (R. C.). She has declared against me. But I defy her. Brisemouche, did you ever see two men aim at one partridge? That's exactly what I and the Baroness are doing. The partridge is there?

BRISE. (R.). A partridge! Where?

PROSP. (*turning and seeing LOUISE on the point of raising up the statuette of Flora*). By Jove! she's going to bring it down!

Enter MADEMOISELLE SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE through window, R. C.

SUZ. Here I am at last!

(*Everybody turns round; LOUISE is obliged to put down the statuette.*)

BRISE. (R.). Mademoiselle de Ruseville!

LOUISE. Suzanne! (*They embrace at C.*)

MATH. (L. C.). Ah, my dear godmother! (*Kisses her.*)

PROSP. (R., while LOUISE embraces SUZ.). She has missed this time. Now it's my turn!

(Begins working his way up stage.)

SUZ. (kissing LOUISE and MATH.). How d'ye do—how d'ye do?

MATH. I'll see that your room is ready.

Exit, L. door. BARON comes down L.

SUZ. How do you do, cousin? (To BARON, L.) You know you are a bear—but I'll allow you to hug me for once in a way. (BARON kisses SUZ.'s cheek and crosses to R.) Ah, Monsieur Brisemouche!

BRISE. (R., presenting ANAT., who is at L. C.). My young ward, whom I think you met in Paris.

ZENO. (L., plucking ANAT., who is advancing toward SUZ.). Come away, sir, the impudent creature may want to kiss you next!

SUZ. (pulling ANAT. toward her). Now you shall see how I'll make the dear boy blush! (Offers her hand, which he is obliged to kiss.) There! Didn't I tell you he'd blush? (Bows to ZENO.) Mademoiselle Zenobie, as fresh as ever, I see.

ZENO. (L., courtesying stiffly). Mademoiselle!

(She pulls ANAT. away and takes him up stage to scold him. She sits L. of fireplace with ANAT. on a footstool beside her.)

LOUISE (R. C., turning and seeing PROSP., who has gone up, and at that moment has his hand on Flora). Monsieur Couramont!

PROSP. (R.). Missed!

LOUISE (presenting PROSP. eagerly, so as to oblige him to come down). Monsieur Prosper, allow me to present you to Mademoiselle de Ruseville.

SUZ. (C.). Delighted! (Looks at both of them, aside.) Hum! hum! there's something going on here!

(Crosses and sits R. of table at L. BRISE. R., BARON by his side. R. ANAT. and ZENO. up stage; LOUISE goes slowly up stage.)

PROSP. (C.). I have long been desirous of being introduced to you, Mademoiselle.

SUZ. You are fond of *curiosities*, I believe?

BRISE. He has collected them from all parts of the world. He's a mighty traveler —

SUZ. A man's happy privilege! How is a poor woman to scamper over the world in steel hoops and crinoline petticoats? What is the greatest curiosity you have seen in the world?

PROSP. The greatest curiosity? Woman, of course!

SUZ. It seems you have studied the animal.

PROSP. Yes, as Brisemouche does insects and reptiles.

SUZ. I hope you have not found any venomous specimens.

PROSP. Sometimes—and they are generally the fairest to the eye. (*Turns to look at LOUISE, and sees her about to take down the Flora—aside.*) She's at it again! (*Aloud.*) I was just making that identical remark to Madame de la Glacière—wasn't I? (*By directly addressing LOUISE he forces her to drop the Flora, which she has just lifted and come down. He offers her a chair by table L., and thus obliges her to sit.*) I was comparing woman to a bird with a sharp beak, long claws, and varied plumage, which it is always striving to show off to the best advantage, and moults at every caprice of fashion.

SUZ. Indeed! And would you speak in that tone of your mother, or your sister, or your wife?

PROSP. I haven't either.

SUZ. Then, that's the reason you are so deficient in your knowledge of natural history.

PROSP. But, my dear madam, the exception only proves the rule.

READY luncheon bell at L.

SUZ. But, my dear sir, the rule is wholly made up of exceptions.

PROSP. Well, I confess I believed in exceptions, until —

SUZ. Until what?

PROSP. Until two or three pleasant attempts were made to poison me. Since then, even in our civilized country, where poisons take the shape of perfidy and breach of faith, I have sworn never to be without an antidote.

BRISE. Bless my soul! An antidote! Of what nature?

PROSP. Oh! the merest trifle, sometimes, is enough—a mere scrap of paper, perhaps—a morsel of handwriting.

too Louise
 SUZ. (*aside*). He means some letter. Hum! hum! What is all this?

BRISE. Fie, fie! you wouldn't use such a weapon against a woman.

PROSP. I would—as a shield—not a sword. Such a system is permissible by the moral code of every nation.

BRISE. There! we shall have him citing his darling Chinese now.

PROSP. Why not? They are our superiors in many things—their porcelain, for instance. Now, compare with Chinese works of art (*looking about, and as if suddenly seeing the Flora for the first time*), this little Sevres ornament, for instance. (*To LOUISE.*) It is a statuette of Flora, I perceive.

(*Goes coolly up and puts his hand on the Flora.*)

LOUISE (*rising and following him, alarmed*). Stop, sir!

(*PROSP. takes the Flora; both come down c.*)

PROSP. Don't be alarmed, madam. I know all its value.

LOUISE (*trying to stop him*). Give it to me—it's covered with dust.

PROSP. (R. C.). Don't give yourself the trouble. (*Aside.*) I feel the letter.

LOUISE (C., *trying to dust it with her handkerchief*). Allow me, with my handkerchief—

PROSP. No, no! I'll blow on it—that will do.

(*Turns away as if to blow the dust off the statuette.*)

SUZ. (*rising and seizing the hand of LOUISE to stop her; apart*). Your husband's eyes are upon you.

LOUISE. Oh! did you but know! (*The letter falls.*) Ah!

(*PROSP. puts his foot hastily on the letter.*)

SUZ. (*aside, L. C.*). A letter! I was sure of it!

PROSP. (*giving the Flora to LOUISE with elaborate politeness*). It is evident you set great store by this little ornament, madam.

LUNCHEON bell off L.

LOUISE (*low to him*). What you are doing is shameful, sir!

Enter MATH., L. door.

MATH. Luncheon is ready.

BRISE. (*getting up*). I'm not sorry to hear it.

ANAT. (*rising hastily, and trying to get away from ZENO.*).
No! nor I.

ZENO. (*apart to ANAT.*). I forbid you to sit by the side of that Mademoiselle Mathilde.

ANAT. But I —

ZENO. I forbid you, I say.

MATH. (*seizing hold of ANAT.*). You'll give me your arm, Monsieur Anatole?

ZENO. I forbid you.

MATH. and ANAT. run L. E., and ZENO., turning, finds herself opposite to the BARON, who offers her his arm formally; she is obliged to accept; LOUISE, unwillingly, takes the arm of BRISE., and keeps looking back at PROSP. as they exeunt at L.

SUZ. (*to PROSP., who never stirs, and stands with his foot on the letter*). My dear sir, don't you mean to offer me your arm?

WARN curtain.

PROSP. I beg your pardon, but I've let fall my handkerchief.

(*Lets fall his handkerchief, and picks up the letter with it.*)

SUZ. (*low to him*). Come, come! Give it up like a gentleman.

PROSP. (*low to her*). Give up what?

SUZ. The letter.

PROSP. My antidote? No, I thank you.

SUZ. I'll make you give it up.

PROSP. I'll bet you anything you like, you won't.

SUZ. I'll bet you anything you like, I will.

BARON (*coming back*). Are you coming, you two?

PROSP. (*aloud*). Deign to accept my arm, madame.

SUZ. So you are a collector of curiosities? I think I shall be able to show you a few curious matters which may astonish you, great traveler as you are!

PROSP. (*laughing*). In instruments of warfare?

SUZ. In instruments of warfare! Have you ever met with

any Amazons in your travels? They say it is a fabulous race—not quite, my dear sir; not quite, I can assure you—I'm an Amazon!

RING curtain.

Only, nowadays people call us old maids, bluestockings, or strong minded women! (*They go up toward L. door, laughing.*)

QUICK DROP

END OF ACT I



ACT II

Scene.—Room assigned to PROSP., in the House of Brise-mouche. Window in flat; R. 4 E., a door to bed-chamber, rendered almost invisible by being covered with a screen. R. 2 E., a fireplace and wood-fire. Upper R. corner an Egyptian mummy case, and other curiosities. L. 3 E., a high glazed case full of natural curiosities. L. 2 E., a door. R. 3 E., a smaller door. On all sides, maps, exotic plants, stuffed animals, Eastern weapons, and ornaments, pipes, porcelain vases, traveler's tent, etc., etc.; Indian grass, mats, and skins of wild beasts on the floor. R. C., a large table with casket, books, an album, an ink-stand, a great tobacco jar, letters, visiting-cards, etc.; another table covered with curiosities, L. C. Armchairs, rocking-chairs, stools, etc. PROSP. is seated in an easy-chair, R., between table and fireplace, wrapped in a fur dressing-gown, with a fox-skin cap on his head.

PROSP. A pretty climate, upon my word! There's no sense about it! Before luncheon it was as hot as Calcutta, and now, later in the afternoon, it is as cold as Siberia! (*Throws another log on the fire.*) I can't stand caprice even in the weather. The male beings are out shooting. I wish them joy of their sport. (*Warms himself at fire.* FRANÇOIS enters at door L. 2 E.) What do you want? Come in, do—and shut the door! I didn't ring.

FRAN. (*crossing to R., and passing letter to PROSP.*). A letter for you, sir. The messenger waits for an answer.

PROSP. (*taking the letter*). Ah! from my uncle again? I know his letter by heart before I read it—every day the same story! “Heartless reprobate! Where is your wife?” (*Reads.*) Of course—“Heartless reprobate! Where is——” The twentieth edition, neither amended nor corrected. (*Throws letter into the fire.*) Say that I’ll be with him in less than an hour, and have my horse saddled. (*Exit FRAN., door L. 2 E.*) I can be there and back again in less than no time! I’ll see the precious old gentlemen myself, and tell him I’ve found a wife—a charming wife—a delicious little wife! (*Rising, goes to L. of table, and rolls a cigarette.*) I’ll win her spite woman’s wit and woman’s wiles. Ah! you defy me to mortal combat, do you, Mademoiselle Suzanne? You want to steal my antidote, do you, Mademoiselle Suzanne?

READY knock L. 2 E.

Possession is nine points to the good for me; but how to keep possession? The lining of my hat was a good place of concealment, but I’ve had a warning in hat linings. I once slipped a *billet doux* into my hat, left it on a ferocious brother’s table; he picked it up, thought it was his own, and has worn my letter on his head ever since. My own room was the place—but locks are not to be trusted, and servants still less. My casket, to be sure, has a secret spring, but caskets can be carried off bodily. I dare say some people might think it the simplest affair in the world to hide a scrap of paper. No such thing! It was a problem—the knottiest of problems—and I consider that I made a stroke of genius by concealing my prize in——

KNOCK L. 2 E.

Who’s there? Come in. (*Enter ANAT., door L. 2 E.*) Oh! it’s you, my young friend! You are not out shooting with the other gentlemen, then?

ANAT. (*L., awkward and embarrassed, but trying to put on a dignified air*). No, sir.

PROSP. Mademoiselle Zenobie was afraid of your meeting with some accident probably. All right! Sit down. Take a cigar?

ANAT. (*as before*). I thank you, sir; I don't smoke.

(*Sits awkwardly R. of table, L.*)

PROSP. (*sitting L. of table, R.*). Ah! to be sure! Mademoiselle Zenobie objects to smoking.

ANAT. The fact is, sir, I am not here for the purpose of smoking, but of having a serious conversation with you.

PROSP. Indeed!

ANAT. I have learned by chance from my guardian this morning that you have asked the hand of Mademoiselle Mathilde de Merival in marriage.

PROSP. Quite true; what then?

ANAT. Why then, sir, I beg to inform you that I am in love with Mademoiselle Mathilde, and that my most ardent desire is to make her *my* wife.

PROSP. That is to say, if Mademoiselle Zenobie does not object.

ANAT. Mademoiselle Zenobie has nothing to do with it, sir. It is an affair between you and me. Will you have the kindness to tell me whether you still persist in your intention?

PROSP. (*aside*). Poor boy! (*Aloud.*) My reply will be brief—yes.

ANAT. Well, then, sir, you know the consequences.

PROSP. You don't mean a duel?

ANAT. I do. What else should I mean?

PROSP. Very well. But as there are several ways of duelling, may I ask which you prefer?

ANAT. I give you the choice, sir.

PROSP. Thank you. I own I have a sort of weakness for the Japanese fashion —

ANAT. (*getting up*). The Japanese fashion by all means! I shall have the honor of sending you my second —

PROSP. Oh! quite unnecessary! The affair can be settled at once.

ANAT. (*pulling off his gloves*). Such a proceeding is contrary to all established rules—but no matter—I'm your man!

PROSP. (*rising, takes two Malay daggers at L., and comes down C., at R. of ANAT., and presents them politely*). Here are the tools for the job. Take your choice!

ANAT. One of these?

PROSP. Of course. (*ANAT. takes one.*) You have taken the biggest—but never mind. And now (*sitting down at R. C.*) you are the challenging party; have the kindness to begin.

ANAT. (*turning in an attitude of defense, and surprised at seeing PROSP. quietly seated*). Begin! How?

PROSP. (*coolly*). By ripping yourself up.

ANAT. Rip myself up?

PROSP. Yes, it's the Japanese manner of proceeding. They call it "the happy dispatch." The challenger rips himself up first, and then the challenged is bound in honor to follow his example. Proceed—I'll follow you immediately!

ANAT. I am not to be made game of, sir! We are in France here, not in Japan; and your fashion is utterly absurd.

PROSP. My dear fellow, the whole fashion of duelling is utterly absurd. In the first place, if we fought in the usual manner I should kill *you* to a dead certainty.

ANAT. Sir!

PROSP. Oh! I should, I give you my word! And then you couldn't prevent my marrying the lady. But if you rip yourself, and I have to do the same, you won't marry her to be sure—but you'll have the pleasure of knowing that I can't either —

READY knock L. 2 E.

ANAT. You are treating me like a child, sir!

PROSP. (*rising and holding out his hand*). Say rather, like a friend. Come, my dear boy, let us fight out our fight after a more sensible manner—with our own stout hearts and mother-wits, (*Returns swords to L., and comes back as he talks to R. C.*) You say you love Mademoiselle Mathilde—so far so good. For aught I know, she may be very fond of you—so much the better. But, at the same time, allow me to flatter myself that, if you have made an impression, it's just possible I may do so too, especially as you haven't your guardian's consent to the marriage—and what's more, never will have.

ANAT. Never will have! Why?

PROSP. (*laughing*). Why!

KNOCK L. 2 E.

ZENO. (*without, knocking at door L. 2 E.*). Monsieur Prosper!

PROSP. (*laughing and pointing at door*). That's why! But I'll be off—I can't show myself to ladies in this trim.

(*Up stage to R.*)

ZENO. (*without*). May we come in?

PROSP. Come in, by all means!

*Exit into bedroom, R. 4 E., as enter ZENO. and MATH., door
L. 2 E. ANAT. up stage to R.*

ZENO. (*at c., looking round*). Well, where is Monsieur Prosper?

PROSP. (*from his room*). I'm here! I beg pardon—I was dressed like a wild Indian, and I should have frightened you into fits.

ZENO. It is for us to beg pardon. We expected to find Mademoiselle de Ruseville and the gentlemen here; they are coming to inspect your museum. (*Crosses to R.*)

PROSP. (*without, R.*). Pray inspect by all means.

MATH. (*going up c.*). What a quantity of pretty things!

ZENO. (*beckoning ANAT. to her and speaking aside whilst MATH. is looking round*). You know very well I object to your being with Monsieur Prosper—he's a very dangerous acquaintance.

ANAT. (R. C.). You won't let me speak to a soul next. Now, it's Monsieur Prosper—now, it's Mademoiselle de Ruseville—now, it's Mademoiselle Mathilde. (*Comes down c.*)

ZENO. (R.). And pretty attention you pay to what I say! But this I tell you—if you can't behave better, back to your tutor, the Abbé Boulet, you go.

MATH. (*coming down L. to cabinet, calling*). Monsieur Anatole—come here! Look! (*Calls louder.*) Monsieur Anatole!

ZENO. You'll not stir.

(*Sits down L. of table, R., and looks over illustrated books.
ANAT. stands perplexed at c.*)

MATH. (*coming down to L. of ANAT.*). Pretty behavior! So I am to run after you, am I? Oh! yes! I see—Mademoiselle Zenobie has forbidden you to speak to me.

(*Sits R. of table L.*)

ANAT. (C.). But, Mademoiselle —

ZENO. (R.). Anatole—bring me a footstool.

ANAT. Yes, ma'am. (*Fetches a footstool.*)

MATH. (*low to ANAT.*). I forbid you to give it to her.

ANAT. (*bringing the footstool*). But I —

MATH. (*showing her feet*). And put it there directly, sir!

ANAT. (*between the two women with the footstool*). But really, I don't know —

ZENO. Where's the footstool?

ANAT. I don't know.

ZENO. (R.). Why, you've got the footstool in your hands.

ANAT. Have I? Oh! yes! (*Looks at MATH., who keeps pointing at her own feet.*) But—Mademoiselle Mathilde asked me to.

MATH. (L.). Oh! if Mademoiselle Zenobie desires her footstool, pray give it to her.

(ANAT., *during the following, keeps going from one to the other.*)

ZENO. (*tartly*). You are too kind, mademoiselle.

MATH. It is only due from a girl of my age to a woman of yours.

ZENO. (*pushing away the footstool which ANAT. presents*). The difference is not so great that I should deprive you of the footstool, mademoiselle.

MATH. (*rejecting the footstool which ANAT. presents*). Then pray accept it as a delicate attention of Monsieur Anatole—which I give up to you.

ZENO. (*aside*). Insolent minx!

MATH. (*aside*). Take that, my dear! (*Rises.*)

ZENO. (*rising, apart to ANAT.*). You go back to your tutor's this very evening.

(*Goes to R. C., and sits down angrily.*)

MATH. (*apart to him on the other side*). If you answer her one word, I'll never speak to you again in my life.

Goes up L. to cabinet. ANAT. sits down on the footstool at C. in despair. Enter BRISE., L. 2 E. door, in shooting attire, with gun—followed by SUZ.

BRISE. May we come in?

Enter PROSP., dressed, R. 4 E. door.

PROSP. (*down C. behind ANAT.*). By all means!—by all means! (*BRISE. crosses to fireplace at R.*)

SUZ. (*entering L. 2 E.; to PROSP.*). You see, sir, I make

the most warlike entry, like an enemy armed to the teeth. Are you prepared to repulse me? (L. C.)

PROSP. As an Eastern traveler, I have but to say, "A ray of sunlight has the right to enter everywhere." (*Bows to her.*)

MATH. (*down L.*). And if one isn't a ray of sunlight?

PROSP. (*bowing to her*). The perfume of the rose has the same privilege.

MATH. (*low to ANAT.*). He's a great deal more gallant than you are. (*Up R. to mummy case followed by SUZ.*)

PROSP. Well, what have you killed to-day?

BRISE. (*turning round from fire*). Between us all—just one dog!

PROSP. But I thought your friend the Baron was a crack shot?

BRISE. De la Glacière? (*Comes to R. C., passing in front of table.*) I don't know what's the matter with him this afternoon. He was more silent and morose than ever, and missed every bird. I left him with Baptiste, who accompanied us. (*Comes upon ANAT. with his gun as if he came upon a hare.*) Holloa! what are you doing here?

ZENO. He is going back to his tutor's.

BRISE. On that footstool?

ZENO. This very evening—to continue his studies.

BRISE. But, my dear girl, I don't see the necessity.

(*Crosses to divan L. and sits.*)

ANAT. Nor I. (*Rises.*)

ZENO. But I insist upon it! There, go and pack up.

ANAT. I'm going—I'm going! (*Aside, goes R.*) But I'm not gone yet. Hang old Zenobie!

Exit R. 3 E.; PROSP. standing C.; ZENO. seated; SUZ. comes down behind her; MATH. goes here and there.

SUZ. (R. C.). Well, I must say the collection of curiosities in this room is most remarkable.

PROSP. (C.). Including the collector?

SUZ. Especially the collector, who sits on an American easy-chair before a Flemish table covered with an Algerine table-cloth, and smokes Turkish tobacco in a German pipe—or after a dinner *a la Russe*, at which he has talked "sport" in English, drinks a Chinese beverage out of Dresden porcelain, asks for Italian music, and then calls himself a Frenchman!

MATH. (*holding up a string of shells which she discovers in cabinet at L.*). Oh, what pretty shells!

(*Comes down L. of PROSP.*)

PROSP. A present from the Queen of the Cannibal Islands.

ZENO. A collar, I see.

PROSP. (*to ZENO. and SUZ.*). Yes. (*Aside.*) It is really a petticoat; but I did not like to say so.

MATH. (*L.*). Oh, Anatole! What, is he gone?

ZENO. Gone, mademoiselle.

MATH. (*to PROSP.*). Many thanks for your kindness, sir. (*Crosses to R.*) Are you coming, godmamma?

SUZ. I'll follow you immediately.

BRISE. (*to MATH., who is going out, R.*). Are you going that way?

MATH. Yes; it's the shortest cut to the chateau. (*Aside.*) And that's the way Anatole went.

Exit, R. 3 E.

BRISE. (*rising*). I'll be off too—who knows—we may contrive to bring down another dog.

ZENO. (*about to go out door, L. 2 E.*). Are you not coming, mademoiselle?

SUZ. Thank you, I'll follow Mathilde.

BRISE. Good-bye, Prosper!

Exit, L. 2 E. door, preceded by ZENO.

SUZ. (*with her hand on door R. 3 E., as if ready to go, smiles at PROSP. who comes to L. of table at R. and bows to her. Then SUZ. takes her hand from the door and returns to R. of table.*) I have the honor, sir (*pausing*), to wish you a very good-day.

PROSP. Oh! oh! I thought you were beating a retreat.

SUZ. (*R.*). Before giving battle? It's very clear you don't know me. But, first, do you mean to keep the letter?

PROSP. I mean to keep it. (*Passes to R. of table.*)

SUZ. (*passing in front of table to L.*). Well then, before coming to actual hostilities, suppose we interchange a few diplomatic notes. (*L. of table R. C.*)

PROSP. (*R. of table R. C.*). A few diplomatic notes, by all means. (*Both seated.*)

SUZ. Note one—(*leaning elbows on table*) On our side we make an appeal to the honor of our adversary, and simply ask whether he thinks it honest to keep a letter which he has—what shall I say?

PROSP. Stolen!

SUZ. No—we'll be diplomatic, please, and say "annexed." What has your side to answer?

PROSP. That the letter being addressed to me was mine.

SUZ. But it was never delivered—*ergo*, it is still ours.

PROSP. But you sent it—*ergo*, it is still mine.

SUZ. Pardon me, it was never sent.

PROSP. Pardon me, it was put into the post—that is—the Flora. The question is—Does a letter put into the post belong to the sender or the sendee?

SUZ. To the send-*er*.

PROSP. To the send-*ee*.

SUZ. Well, let's cut the Gordian knot—to both.

PROSP. When the rights are equal, possession decides the claim. I think, madam, we have settled that question.

SUZ. Hum! Note two—We next inquire, what use you intend to make of our handwriting?

PROSP. My answer to that question has been already categorically given. Let the strictest neutrality be observed; and, the moment I give up all hopes of Mathilde, I'll bid an eternal adieu to Madame de la Glacière, and burn the letter before her eyes.

SUZ. You will do that?

PROSP. On my honor! And I verily believe I should have done so at once on returning home—of course, without admitting the fact—had you not defied me to mortal combat.

SUZ. Well, then, I withdraw my challenge; and you can burn it now. (*Rising, laughs.*) Look, here is a capital fire—I won't say a word to Louise—and you will lose nothing by your good action. (*Passes in front of table to R.*)

PROSP. (*rising, laughing.*) I beg your pardon—I should lose the intense satisfaction of seeing you hunt for the letter in vain. (*Passes behind table to L.*)

SUZ. Is that your ultimatum?

PROSP. My ultimattissimum—search, search! I sha'n't prevent you. The letter is here—somewhere!

SUZ. In this very room?

PROSP. Or else in the other! First catch your hare and then you may cook him yourself, at any fire you please.

SUZ. No, no, I shall not be satisfied till I have made you burn it with your own hands.

PROSP. Indeed! Then, I give you my word of honor, if you contrive to do that, I will pack myself off this very evening to look out for a wife in the Cannibal Islands, Jericho, or anywhere you please.

SUZ. Your word of honor?

PROSP. My word of honor!

SUZ. Beware! I am obstinate.

PROSP. So am I.

SUZ. I am going to sit down to a regular siege—I shall bore you until you say yourself, “I had better burn the letter and get rid of that nuisance of a woman!”

PROSP. Never was criminal threatened with so alluring a punishment! I'm enraptured to think of the many pleasant hours we are about to pass in a long delicious *tête-à-tête*—I am sorry to be obliged to leave you a short time—I have an indispensable visit to pay to a tiresome old uncle; but pray consider yourself perfectly at home.

READY knock at R.

There's good fire—plenty of books and drawings for your amusement—all my curiosities and Brisemouche's entomological treasures. Everything (*waving his hand as if to deliver the room up to her*) is open for your inspection—except this little casket (*indicating box on table, on which he places his hand a moment*), which contains papers that cannot possibly interest you. Open everything else—turn everything topsy-turvy—(*passing to door R. 2 E.*) and I hope on my return to have the happy privilege of renewing this most agreeable conversation.

Exit, R. 2 E.

SUZ. He's actually gone! (*Stands a moment looking about the room.*) Hang the man, his impertinence is perfectly delightful. (*Imitates.*) “Search, search—everything is open for your inspection—everything but this casket.” (*Looks keenly at the box. Puts her hand on it as PROSP. had done.*) My dear sir, the stress you lay upon the casket convinced me that the letter is *not* there. But it *is* here—“somewhere.” Where can he have concealed it?

KNOCKING R. 3 E.

Has he returned? No—it is at this little door leading down into the park.

KNOCK R. 3 E. repeated.

Who can it be? I don't want to be found in a strange gentleman's room. One's never too good for scandal—a pretty mess I've let myself into—that comes of meddling with other people's affairs.

KNOCK repeated.

(*SUZ. opens R. door; LOUISE looks in; she wears a remarkable Indian shawl over her head.*)

LOUISE (R.). You are alone—are you not?

SUZ. (L. of table). Louise!

LOUISE (coming in and closing the door behind her hastily). I saw him ride by the windows of the chateau. You did not return, and my impatience was so great that I hastily threw on this shawl and came myself.

(*Crosses to fire and puts shawl on chair beside it.*)

SUZ. What imprudence! If your husband had seen you, or that dear, delightful, censorious Mademoiselle Zenobie—

LOUISE. What matter, since we were both together? Have you got it? (*R. of table.*)

SUZ. The letter? No—he refuses to give it up.

LOUISE. He must have left it here. Find it—find it, I entreat you! I am so terrified—I scarce dare raise my eyes to look into my husband's face—I fancy he suspects—knows everything.

SUZ. What if he does know everything? You say the whole affair was only a most innocent little flirtation.

LOUISE. Of course it was—I was a thoughtless, romantic girl at the time, and saw no wrong; but my husband, under that semblance of apathy, conceals a highly sensitive nature. The bare suspicion of any previous attachment, even of the slightest flirtation, would wound that nature to the quick. The discovery of this letter might rouse all his jealous susceptibilities and compromise our domestic happiness forever.

SUZ. (seated L. of table at R.). Ah, my poor, dear friend, what a warning you give to silly girls—

LOUISE. Not to write letters! Oh! yes—girls should never write!

SUZ. They should rather beware of fostering absurd ideas, and fancying themselves in love.

LOUISE. But don't let us lose any time—let us hunt about. (*Goes up c.*)

SUZ. (*speaking reflectively*). That's the very thing I'm now doing.

LOUISE (*turning about, comes down c.*). Doing! seated there!

(*Begins nervously turning over papers and books on table at L.*)

SUZ. Yes, in my head—that's my way of hunting. But do you go your own way to work.

LOUISE (*pettishly, slamming down a book*). Oh! you put me out of all my patience!

SUZ. (*coolly*). My dear child, nature made woman weak, but gave as compensation a sixth sense. Have you ever examined any butterflies?

LOUISE. What an absurd question!

SUZ. (*rising and going to table, L. C., and taking up a case of butterflies*). They have got long, thin horns upon their heads to enable them to feel and appreciate objects at a distance. Look!

LOUISE. What do you mean?

SUZ. The naturalists call them "antennæ." Well, my dear, women too have "antennæ," but of so delicate a nature that they are invisible. Sometimes they are made like tendrils, to entangle our natural enemy, man; sometimes they are sharp and pointed, just to blind them, my dear.

LOUISE (*turning away pettishly*). And you want to find my letter with your "antennæ"—a likely idea! I'd rather trust to my ten fingers.

(*Goes on opening all the drawers in cabinet, etc.*)

SUZ. (*returning to c.*). You shall see how I will use my "antennæ." Yes, yes; open all the drawers—hunt away. Just see if you can't find your letter in the guitar case. What a child you are!

LOUISE. He may have hid it among the books.

(*Goes to case up R.*)

SUZ. And you mean to look among all the three hundred

volumes—out of the question! Look at the edges of the shelves.

LOUISE. Why?

SUZ. Are they dusty?

LOUISE. Yes.

SUZ. All along?

LOUISE. All along.

SUZ. Then it's not among the books. If he had pulled one down, the dust would have been disturbed.

LOUISE. To be sure.

SUZ. Just look at that little bit of paper folded together, and put to steady the leg of the table.

(Indicates table, R. C., and bends over to look.)

LOUISE. This? *(Comes down.)*

SUZ. Yes; *(getting up)* it's not worth the trouble; the paper is black and worn.

LOUISE. Yes; and he would never have put it there, where everybody can see it. *(She continues to hunt about.)*

SUZ. It's very clear you don't know how to use your "antennæ." Your knowing man would be sure to make so little concealment of an object he wished to hide that nobody would be likely to look for it in a place so open to inspection. I'll wager now, that if we can't find this unfortunate letter, it is because it is lying about somewhere before our very eyes.

LOUISE *(who has been hunting about, R.)*. Nothing—nothing! but there's another room here.

SUZ. Go in by all means. My right of search is unlimited, though.

LOUISE *(opening the door, R. 4 E.)*. If he should come back? No matter; you would give the alarm.

Exit, R. 4 E.

SUZ. *(looking around her)*. Where can it be? He's clever enough to have put it simply under his letter-weight. *(At L. of table R., lifts up letter-press.)* No!—in this vase? Nothing but visiting cards and a stick of sealing-wax. In this jar? *(Opens the tobacco jar.)* Tobacco—cigarette papers—several letters crumpled and torn. *(Reads superscription of letter.)* "Monsieur Prosper Couramont, in the care of Mahony Brothers, Madrid." "Monsieur Prosper Couramont, Albany, London"—"Try post-office, Paris." *(Goes on with several*

other letters which she passes, as she speaks, from her right hand to her left.) "Monsieur Prosper Couramont, in the care of the Reverend Mr. Huggins, Sandwich Islands!" "Monsieur Prosper Couramont——" (*Stops and takes up last letter.*) Stop! this letter has seen a good deal of the world. It must have been a very precious letter for him to have brought it all the way from the Sandwich Islands and kept it so long (*weighing it in her hands*); and yet it's very light. There's only the veriest scrap of paper in it. Now who, I should like to know, would have sent a letter all the way to the Sandwich Islands, costing no end of postage-money, which cannot contain much more than "How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you." It's very odd—very! (*Calls.*) Louise!

LOUISE (*in the room, R.*). I can't find it!

SUZ. Louise, was the letter large?

LOUISE (*within*). No; only half a sheet of note paper folded in two.

SUZ. (*feeling the envelope*). A half sheet of note paper folded in two. (*Aloud.*) On white paper?

LOUISE (*as before*). No; pink.

SUZ. (*holding the envelope up to the light*). It is pink!

LOUISE (*as before*). I've found a quantity of papers.

SUZ. Have you, dear? All right! (*Smells the envelope.*) 'Tis an old scrap of paper; all the perfume is gone. (*Holds up the envelope again.*) If I could but see the writing. (*About to open the envelope.*) He gave me permission to search everything that was open, and this envelope is open. (*Checks herself.*) Stop, stop! it's not quite the thing. One isn't in the habit of opening other people's letters. (*Feels the envelope.*) And yet, if it were Louise's letter. Oh! my fingers burn—my fingers burn!

Enter LOUISE, R. 4 E.

LOUISE (*crying with vexation as she comes down c.*). Oh! my dear Suzanne, I give it up! We shall never find it now!

READY knock R.

SUZ. I can't bear it any longer—I can't see her cry. (*Opens envelope and takes out paper, which she hands to LOUISE.*) Is your letter anything like that?

LOUISE (*L. C., opening the paper*). 'Tis the letter itself!

SUZ. (*R. C., bursting out laughing*). What do you say to my "antennæ" now, my dear?

LOUISE. Oh! yes—it's the same. (*Reads.*) "I am obliged to leave home by daybreak; but far or near——" Could I have written such words? Fool that I was! and should my husband ever know.

VIOLENT knocking R.

SUZ. Some one knocks!

LOUISE. It was there—there!

BARON (*without R.*). Open the door!

SUZ. Your husband! Give me the letter. (*Snatches it.*)

LOUISE. Good heavens! where shall I hide?

SUZ. (*low; going to open the door.*) Don't think of hiding—stay where you are.

LOUISE. No, no—he would see my agitation.

(*Runs to R. 4 E. BARON continues to knock.*)

SUZ. (*low, her hand on lock of door, R.*). No—stop, I tell you! (*LOUISE exits room R.; with vexation.*) Oh! foolish woman! (*She opens the door, R. 3 E.*)

Enter BARON, in shooting dress, with his gun.

BARON (*R., surprised*). You!

SUZ. (*R. C., calm and smiling*). Yes—I! What an uproar you have been making!

BARON. Here?

SUZ. In this museum. I'm looking at all the curiosities.

BARON (*looking round him*). Alone? (*Comes to C.*)

SUZ. You see—— (*Sits at table L. C., and examines a drawer full of shells.*) What a wonderful collection of shells to be sure—only look!

BARON (*putting down his gun, L. C. to L.*). But I heard talking.

SUZ. I was trying to pronounce these dreadful words aloud. Why *will* scientific men give such preposterous names to things? Oh! look—isn't that pretty?

BARON. You were *not* alone—Louise was here.

(*Comes to L. of table, L. C.*)

SUZ. What should she be doing here?

BARON. Something she was ashamed of apparently, since she made her escape.

SUZ. (*laughing, still looking at shells*). Ha, ha, ha! does this fit often seize you, cousin?

BARON. She was here, I say !

SUZ. And if she was, why shouldn't she be here still ? Do you think she has hidden herself under the table ?

BARON (*roughly, looking her full in the face*). Then why didn't you open the door immediately ?

SUZ. (*not at all disconcerted*). Because I thought the knocking was at the other door, and I opened that first.

BARON. In order that Louise might get away. That's the way she went, then ? (*Goes to L. 2 E., and looks out.*)

SUZ. What a tiresome old bear you are ! If Louise went that way, go and look after her ; and leave me to examine the shells.

BARON (*coming behind table*). My wife was strangely agitated this morning after her conversation with Monsieur What's-his-name, whom she knew before her marriage—more still, during that little affair about the statuette—what did that mean ?

SUZ. (*looking at shells*). Perhaps she was afraid he would drop it. (*Rises, goes C.*)

BARON (*getting more and more angry, follows her at L.*). The man made an offer of marriage for Mathilde, without ever having seen her—a mere pretext, it is very clear, to get into the house and see my wife—a got-up plan to divert my suspicions ! (*Seizes hold of SUZ.*) Look me in the face and tell me it was ~~not so, if you can.~~

SUZ. (*R. C.*). It's as clear as noonday—only let go my hand, please, for you hurt me ; and a pretty mess you have made of the poor shells. (*Opens her hand ; shows the shells in powder.*) You really don't know how to behave yourself.

BARON (*L. C.*). Listen. I left Brisemouche out shooting to return home—I inquired for my wife—she was gone out, but I had her spaniel, Fidèle, with me ; and he has tracked her to this house—to the foot of that stair. I tell you my wife is here ! Where is she, I say ? Where is she ?

SUZ. What do you ask me for ? Since you've taken to hunting your wife as they hunt slaves, whistle for Fidèle, my dear sir, whistle for Fidèle.

BARON. Suzanne, you trifle with my feelings !

(*Crosses to R.*)

SUZ. Trifle with your feelings ! No—I wish to spare them. If I laugh at you, it is to show how senseless is your conduct. Come—come—calm yourself, and try to be a little reasonable.

BARON. You are right—you are right to jeer me—my jealousy blinds me—it drives me mad! It makes me utterly miserable. (*Throws himself into a chair, L. of table, R. C.*)

SUZ. (C). Look up, my poor friend! Now, how *can* you ruin all your happiness thus, when you have a charming wife who thinks of nobody but you—lives for nobody but you?

BARON. I know it, Suzanne—I know it—and I am calm now—(*elbows on table, head in hands*) quite calm; but should anything again ever cause me to suspect — (*Sees LOUISE'S shawl, stares at it, then rises and darts on it.*) My wife's shawl! Ah! you see she has been here!

SUZ. Well—what of the shawl?

BARON (R.). Who put it there?

SUZ. (R. C.). I did—I took up the first that came to hand.

BARON. I don't believe you. My wife's shawl is here—then she's not gone—she's still concealed here—and I swear that if I find her —

(*Crosses to L., to take up his gun.*)

SUZ. Baron! Baron! I beg of you —

BARON (*searching, in spite of her*). Leave me!

SUZ. (*trying to stop him*). Hear me! hear me!

BARON (*seeing the door, R. 4 E.*). Ah! there's a door here! (*SUZ. springs between him and the door.*) She is concealed in that man's room. Let me go—by heaven, I'll have his life!

(*Menaces with his gun.*)

SUZ. For my sake —

BARON. For your sake?

SUZ. (*with feverish haste, as if regardless of what she is saying*). Yes—for mine! You drive me to this confession by your violence. What! were you so blind? (*Forces him from door toward C.*) Did not my embarrassment—my agitation—at once reveal the truth? I didn't open the door at once, 'tis true, because I was afraid of being found here. Your dog evidently recognized your wife's shawl which I wore. Don't you see? Louise refused her sister's hand to Prosper, because she ✓ knew I loved him years ago—don't you see? Prosper imagined I had deceived him, and so wanted to marry another in order to revenge himself on me—don't you see? When Louise spoke low to him, it was to justify me, and prevent this detested marriage, which I was resolved never should take place—don't you see? Don't you see?

BARON (L.). Yes, yes, I remember now. He spoke this morning of some heartless treachery on the part of a woman.

SUZ. (R.). He meant me—I was the heartless treachery! (*Sighs.*) But it was all a mistake—a misunderstanding.

BARON. Why not tell me this at once?

SUZ. Can you ask the question? What woman would willingly confess the weakness of her heart? And then you were so violent, and made such an awful noise—you don't know what a noise you *do* make. And I was so frightened, and—so out it came—I don't know how—and—don't you see? don't you see? (*Aside.*) I don't know what on earth I am talking about.

BARON. Be calm, my dear Suzanne—no one shall ever learn this secret from me. But I'll not allow this man to trifle with your feelings in this manner—I'll see him at once.

SUZ. See him—what for?

BARON. What for? Why, to tell him I know the state of affairs between you, make him withdraw his pretensions to the hand of Mathilde, and—and —

SUZ. And what?

BARON. What? Why, marry you, to be sure!

SUZ. (*aside*). Good heavens! I didn't take that into my reckoning.

BARON. Yes, yes; I'll see the fellow—speak out my mind at once.

SUZ. What are you thinking of, my dear friend? Let me see him first—endeavor to lure him back myself. You would not deprive a woman of her dearest privilege—would you, cousin?

BARON. As you will. (*Goes on with volubility, spite of the efforts of SUZ. to speak.*) Marry you he shall—dead or alive! I won't have him play fast and loose with cousin Suzanne—that I won't. I owe him a grudge for making me suspect Louise—my own dear, good Louise. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Good heavens! what a fool man makes of himself sometimes! But he shall pay for it—he shall marry you as a punishment—no, I don't mean that—but marry you he shall! Now, then, to bring down my man! amicably—I mean amicably! (*Pats his gun.*) Old trusty, here, is for the partridges—so ho, Fidèle! and off we go!

SUZ. (*aside*). Now the popular opinion is that that man can't talk.

BARON (*turning at door L.*). Not a word to Louise!

SUZ. She shall not know more about the affair than she knows at this moment—I give you my word.

BARON. I would not have her know for the world.

Exit, L. 2 E. Reënter LOUISE, R. 4 E.

LOUISE (*throwing herself into the arms of Suz.*). Oh! Suzanne, my dear, kind friend, blessings on you—you have saved me!

SUZ. Yes, but I've lost myself!

LOUISE. What do you mean?

SUZ. Simply that he wants me to marry this man. You know that will never do—I should inevitably have to play the "Bride of Lammermoor" with him and finish him off on the wedding-eve.

LOUISE. But think—should my husband see him and speak to him, all might still come out. He must go away at once.

SUZ. (C.). Go he shall! But now, be off yourself! Your husband might return home; and you must be there before him.

LOUISE. But I should like to see that letter burnt.

(*Crosses to fireplace.*)

SUZ. Don't lose a moment, I entreat you.

LOUISE (*taking up her shawl*). But should I be seen —

SUZ. (*opening door R. 3 E.*). Go this way—the coast is clear.

LOUISE. I will.

SUZ. But leave your shawl, silly creature.

LOUISE (*throwing it to Suz.*). Yes, of course. I shall fly home like a bird; my heart is lighter now.

Exit, R. 3 E.

SUZ. (*taking the letter out of her pocket*). It's no such difficult matter to burn the letter. But how to get him to go is quite another affair; he won't budge if he can help it. (*Looks at the clock.*) There is still time for him to pack up and get off by the nine o'clock train. (*Goes to fireplace and begins crumpling the letter in order to throw it into the fire.*) If I could but contrive to get him away! (*Just about to put the letter into the fire.*) No—not the envelope—I have no right to that. (*She takes the paper out of the envelope.*) But I must put something in the place of our precious prize—any

scrap of paper will do. (*Turns to table, takes up a piece of blank paper from it, folds it, and puts it in the envelope.*) And now we'll return "Monsieur the Rev. Mr. Huggins" to the Sandwich Islands, in the midst of the tobacco. Everything back to its place. (*She puts back into the jar the letters, etc., she had previously taken out of it, stirs them up, shakes the jar, and sets it down in its place.*) There—now for the fatal *billet doux*! (*Approaches the fireplace.*) 'Tis a great pity—for I had such a fancy (*lighting the paper*) for making him burn it himself. (*Putting back the paper which is alight, and blowing it out.*)

READY knock L.

Burn it himself—yes! what was it he swore? "I give you my word of honor that if you manage to make me burn the letter myself, I will pack myself off this very evening to look out for a wife in the Cannibal Islands—or Jericho—or where you will." He gave me his word of honor. He's an oddity; but he would keep his word, I am sure he would—I like the looks of him. Would it be then such a very difficult task to make him burn the letter? Let's see—let's see—(*she looks into the fireplace*) suppose I place it on the hearth near the fire. (*She twists the paper up.*) That's it—it looks exactly as if he had already lighted a cigar with it. (*She comes away from the fire, stands R. of table L. C. and looks around.*) It's really getting quite exciting! How it would amuse me to make him burn it himself! (*Listens.*) Some one is coming up-stairs. It's he, probably. Oh!—there mustn't be matches about! (*Hastily takes match-box from mantel and throws the matches into the fire.*) That will do. (*Sits down in armchair, R. of table L. C.*)

KNOCK L. 2 E.

READY to lower lights.

Oh! yes—knock away. I'n not going to hear you. (*Leans back and closes her eyes.*)

Enter PROSP. quietly, L. 2 E.; he looks around for SUZ., and seeing her lying back in armchair approaches her on tiptoe.

PROSP. (R. C.). Asleep! Overcome with fatigue and utterly discouraged. (*Looks round him.*) She has been turn-

ing everything topsyturvy. (*Looks into room, R. 4 E., and laughs.*) Yes, and there too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? (*Suz. follows him with the corners of her eyes, while he opens the tobacco jar and sees the envelope.*) No, all safe. Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once. (*Sits down R. of table and looks at Suz.*) I am very sorry for her (*looking more nearly*); she is really a very nice woman—pretty hand—good eyes too—I really must have another look at her eyes. (*Gets up and bends over her.*)

SUZ. (*opening her eyes wide and looking at him.*) What did you say?

PROSP. (*staggering back.*) Knocked clean over!

SUZ. (*pretending to awake.*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

PROSP. Pray consider yourself at home.

SUZ. (*rising.*) What o'clock is it?

LIGHTS down slowly.

PROSP. (*going to the clock on the mantelpiece over fireplace.*)
Past six.

SUZ. So late! Well, I can't help it—I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post till that purpose is accomplished.

PROSP. Allow me to admire your obstinacy. It is the most heroic piece of chivalry I have ever seen.

SUZ. Obstinacy! You are not gallant.

PROSP. Well, let us say firmness.

SUZ. Yes: firmness in a woman—obstinacy in a man.

PROSP. Now take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp.

READY lights up.

SUZ. But, great chief, spite of the intense satisfacton I should naturally have in scalping you, I have better motives than the desire of obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp—it is getting quite dark.

PROSP. Immediately. (*Takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it.*) There! that fool of a servant has put no wick in the lamp. (*He rings.*)

SUZ. Then light a candle—it will be much handier

PROSP. You are right. (*Hunts about for matches.*) Of course, there may exist women who—now there's not a match to be found anywhere.

SUZ. Then take a piece of paper, my dear sir.

PROSP. (*seeing the piece of paper on the hearth.*) Ah! this will do. (*Picks up paper.*) There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to—— (*He lights the paper.*)

Enter FRAN., L. 2 E., with a lighted lamp.

LIGHTS up quickly.

FRAN. Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

PROSP. (*blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand.*) Yes—that will do—put it down there.

SUZ. (*aside.*) Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it.

FRAN. *has put the lamp on the table, R. C., and exit, L. 2 E. taking other lamp with him.*

PROSP. As I said, there may be women who—in short—upon my word I don't know now what I was going to say.

SUZ. You are going to say, probably, that there may be women who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

PROSP. (*seated R. of table, holding the paper.*) A friend! a friend! Have women female friends? (*Aside.*) She looks better still by lamp-light.

SUZ. You don't believe in friendship.

PROSP. In that respect I have not a much better opinion of my own sex than of yours. (*Aside.*) I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

SUZ. (*taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically, and playing with it while PROSP. shows his agitation.*) Come, that's something. You have generally so marvellous an opinion of your own superiority.

READY to lower lights.

PROSP. (*laughing at seeing the letter in her hand and shaking the paper he holds.*) We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. (*Laughs; aside.*) She little knows she's got the letter. (*Aloud.*) Well, if I be an egotist,

I have never found out after a life's experience what I gained by doing good to others.

SUZ. (*throwing back the envelope into the jar*). Gained ! The pleasure of doing it. Does that count for nothing ? Ah ! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under consciousness of having done good—if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night—with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your pillow in the morning, you would never ask again what you would gain.

PROSP. (*surprised and pleased*). Perhaps—I don't know.

SUZ. Exactly. You *don't* know.

PROSP. (*aside*). What a smile the woman has ! and what a heart ! (*Lets fall the letter on the carpet.*)

SUZ. (*aside*). Suppose I put out the lamp ; he must light it again. (*She begins turning the lamp up and down.*)

PROSP. (*with enthusiasm*). Ah ! my dear madam, if it were true—does the lamp smoke ?

LIGHTS down.

SUZ. It does a little. (*Puts it out.*) 'There—I've put it out.

PROSP. (*aside*). So much the better. (*Aloud.*) Ah ! if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen you are the only woman who is a real woman.

SUZ. A very pretty declaration, upon my word—only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

PROSP. (*approaching her*). Ah ! the fitful flicker of the cozy fire on the hearth is better suited to what I would say.

SUZ. Light the lamp, sir ! or you'll force me to go at once.

READY barking of dog up C.

PROSP. But I've got no matches.

SUZ. Will you light the lamp, sir ?

PROSP. I declare to you —

SUZ. I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp.

PROSP. I dare say you think I *am* mad ! I am not. Perhaps it was the most sensible thing I could do to fall in love with the goddaughter this morning and the godmother this evening.

READY lights up.

SUZ. (*rising*). Well, then, since you drive me away, sir.

(*Goes up.*)

PROSP. Don't go—don't go—don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See!—here is the letter! (*Takes envelope from jar.*) I yield—I burn it before your own eyes.

(*Throws the envelope into the fire.*)

SUZ. (*aside*). Now I could positively hug the man for that!

PROSP. (*taking up the burning envelope with the tongs*). Look, madam, it burns—it burns.

SUZ. I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

PROSP. Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

SUZ. (*laughing*). Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

PROSP. Can you doubt?

SUZ. Your good faith? Oh! no. But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

PROSP. (*hunting on the carpet*). That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

SUZ. (*pointing it out laughing*). There it is!

PROSP. (*picking it up with surprise*). Well, and what then?

BARKING of dog off C.

SUZ. (*listening*). Hush! what's that I hear?

PROSP. (*going to window up c.*). The barking of dogs! (*Looks out.*) Brisemouche and the Baron are coming toward the house.

SUZ. And they may come up-stairs! Give me that scrap of paper, quick!

PROSP. This darkness is rather awkward—I understand. I'll light the candle at once. (*He lights the paper.*)

BARON (*without, beneath the window*). Here, Fidèle!

SUZ. (*aside*). It was fated that *he* should burn the paper

LIGHTS up.

after all! (*PROSP. lights the candle with the burning paper, and throws it out of the window.*) Oh! what have you done?

BARON (*as before*). Holloa! Do you mean to set the house on fire?

PROSP. (*at window looking out*). Some one is picking it up!

SUZ. (*at window*). The Baron! Oh! we're lost! (*Down c.*)

PROSP. (*following her*). What do you mean?

SUZ. That was the very letter.

WARN curtain.

PROSP. (*bewildered*). That scrap of paper—the letter?

SUZ. The very letter! Run!—quick!—get it back! Why don't you run?

PROSP. (*losing his head, and running to the window*). I am running!

SUZ. Not by the window, man—by the door!

PROSP. (*running to door, L.*). Yes, to be sure!

SUZ. Not that way!

PROSP. No, no, of course not!

(*Runs to door, R., throwing down all the furniture in his way.*)

SUZ. You'll find me at the chateau in the conservatory!

PROSP. I'll have it, dead or alive! (*Runs out R. 3 E. door.*)

SUZ. That comes of being too clever by half!

Exit, rapidly, L. 2 E.

RING quick curtain.

CURTAIN



ACT III

Scene.—*A conservatory attached to the chateau. L. C., several spreading exotic plants, advancing in a clump on the stage; R. 2 E., door leading to interior; same side, table and easy chairs; behind, the glazed portion of the conservatory, lined with climbing plants; C., the entrance door upon the park; L., tubs of plants, with a bench, etc.; R. 2 E., the dining-room door. The scene is lighted with*

standing lamps and hanging Chinese lanterns. MAD. D., C., is taking fruit from a basket, which she places in a tray, and hands over to PAUL.

MAD. D. There, you have the fruit. (Exit PAUL., R. 2 E. Enter BAP., L. 2 E.) So you are back from accompanying the Baron out shooting.

BAP. Yes; I've just had time to make myself genteel. The gentlemen will be here directly, and clamoring for their dinner. So stir your stumps, old girl. (*Crosses to R. door.*)

MAD. D. Old girl, indeed!

Enter BRISE., L. 2 E. door. *He is still in his shooting-coat and has his gun, with a little screwed-up paper stuck in it.*

BRISE. (L). Ah, Dupont, there you are! Is dinner ready? I want my dinner awfully! There is no time to go home and dress for dinner; but I know Madame de la Glacière will excuse me; and I am dreadfully tired with my day's sport.

MAD. D. (R.). You have bagged a great deal of game, I suppose, sir?

BRISE. Game?—well, not exactly; not but that I'm a good shot, when I choose—a very good shot. However, I've brought home a prize.

MAD. D. A fine bird?

BRISE. No, not exactly. Just as I was about to bring down a partridge—sure, this time—I spied, trotting along to his nocturnal lair, a tiger.

MAD. D. A tiger! good gracious!

BRISE. Yes—a tiger!—a gold-winged tiger—a tiger-beetle! the most beautiful specimen. With one eye on the partridge, and the other on the beetle, I missed the partridge, but I bagged my beetle; and here he is. (*Shows the screw of paper in his gun.*) Don't touch the precious creature for the life of you, woman! (*Goes up and places gun against settee, L. C., up stage.*) But how about the dinner?

MAD. D. It is not ready yet; but the Baron is just returned.

BRISE. Yes, yes; he left me under Couramont's window. While dinner is getting ready, I should like to put myself to rights a little.

BAP. (*advancing R. C.*). If you will walk this way, sir.

Exit, L. 2 E.

BRISE. A pretty mess my tiger hunt has put my hands in.
(*Turns at door.*) Has my sister come yet?

MAD. D. I have not seen her, sir.

Enter PAUL., R. 2 E.

BRISE. She's still at her toilet. She is so very particular about her toilet. She has so much decency and decorum.

Exit, L. 2 E.

PAUL. Well, for my part, I think if that Mademoiselle Zenobie had so much decency and decorum, she might just show them by not trotting after that young Monsieur Anatole.

(*Looks into the park.*)

MAD. D. Hold your tongue. I won't have any scandal-mongering; and don't stand idling there! The company will take coffee here.

PAUL. You needn't stare at me, madam—I'm off! I'm going to change my handkerchief. (*Crosses to L.*) This is a shockingly unbecoming one—makes one look like a common housemaid.

Exit, L. door.

MAD. D. Yes; that's all one sees nowadays—an affected creature that can't stitch a hem, but wants an hour every day for her piano! Good Lord! what will the world come to next?

Exit into dining-room, R. 2 E.

Enter PROSP., C. D., from L., agitated, and out of breath.

PROSP. (L. C.). In the conservatory, she said —

Enter SUZ., R. 2 E., in agitation. *She still carries LOUISE'S shawl.*

SUZ. (R.). You've got it?

PROSP. (L.). Haven't you?

SUZ. No.

PROSP. Nor I.

SUZ. } (*in despair*). Oh!

PROSP. }

SUZ. What have you been doing?

PROSP. I rushed down the stairs—I don't know how—heels over head! When I got out of the house—no one—nothing—not a ghost of a scrap of paper. “Now, one of two things must have happened,” said I; “either the Baron stamped on the paper to put it out, or picked it up to see that it was extinguished. But, as the paper was no longer there, it is most probable he flung it aside as he walked along. Suppose, then, I follow his trail, and hunt on the ground?” So I followed his trail and hunted —

SUZ. But you found nothing?

PROSP. Absolutely nothing.

SUZ. Perhaps the wind has wafted it away.

PROSP. But there isn't a breath of air. (*Sits down in despair on settee near gun.*) Then I've all to begin over again to-morrow morning.

SUZ. What do you mean by to-morrow morning?—directly.

PROSP. (*shivering*). Without an overcoat? (*Rises.*)

SUZ. Would you leave some one else to pick it up and bring it to the Baron? Go at once.

PROSP. (*buttoning up his coat and shivering*). Well, I'm going. Brr, brr!

SUZ. Poor fellow! here, take this shawl.

(*Throws LOUISE's shawl about him.*)

PROSP. No, no—I really can't!

SUZ. But I say you must.

PROSP. (*while SUZ. wraps him up in the shawl*). You do with me what you will. I'm caught—bandaged; and (*she puts the shawl over his mouth*) muzzled!

SUZ. Now go, quick—I implore you!

PROSP. I go! (*with thick voice*) muzzled—positively muzzled! (*Runs out c. door to L.*)

SUZ. (*C.*). Here have I been, ever since morning, running up and down, round and round, like a squirrel in his cage—worrying myself to death, all about a stupid little scrap of paper and a tiresome man—hang him! I'm so provoked with him that I could—poor fellow! I'm sure he's giving himself trouble enough to undo all the mischief he has done! I can't be angry with him! But I am all the more enraged with the silly folks who are idiotic enough to write insane love letters! “I love you—I love you!”—is all very pretty to say; but it isn't the thing to *write!*—and looks so cold on paper. I'm sure,

if I were to send all the loves in the world in a letter to any one—this Monsieur Prosper, for instance—they wouldn't call up one flush of color in his face. Halloa! what's this? (*Puts both hands to her face.*) They seem to have called one up in mine, though. Oh! come, come! I'm not going to be so absurd, I hope, as to allow myself to be thinking about this good gentleman—pooh, pooh!—this will never do, Mademoiselle Suzanne! Mademoiselle Suzanne, I must have an eye upon you, and see what you are about, Mademoiselle —

Enter MATH., L. 2 E.

MATH. (L.). Ah, godmother, there you are! Have you seen Anatole?

SUZ. (R.; *aside*). Poor child, she isn't troubled with any scruples. (*Aloud.*) No, my dear—have you seen the Baron?

MATH. (*up stage looking off into park*). No; but I heard him stumping up and down in his room like a wild beast in his den.

SUZ. (*alarmed*). Has he discovered the truth then? (*Enter BAP., L. 2 E., crosses to R. 2 E., at back. Sees him.*) Ah, Baptiste was with the shooting party—he may have seen what passed. (*To BAP., who is going out R. 2 E.*) Baptiste, a word with you. Mathilde, dear, do you think dinner is getting ready?

MATH. I'll go and see.

Exit into dining-room, R. 2 E.

SUZ. (L.). Baptiste, you accompanied the gentlemen out shooting?

BAP. (R.). Yes, my lady.

SUZ. You were with them when a lighted paper was flung out of a window of Monsieur Brisemouche's house?

BAP. A lighted paper? Oh! yes, I recollect!

SUZ. Who picked it up?

BAP. Really, I can't tax my memory, my lady.

SUZ. Think—was it the Baron?

BAP. My master? I fancy it was —

SUZ. It was?

BAP. I don't exactly remember —

SUZ. (*aside*). The man will drive me mad!

BAP. Oh! no, I recollect, I picked it up —

SUZ. You! What did you do with it?

BAP. I believe I flung it away—no, I didn't —

SUZ. Then you've got it?

BAP. No, I haven't, my lady. Ah! I know now—I handed it to Monsieur Brisemouche, who asked me for it.

(ANAT. appears c. door, and, seeing the others, conceals himself.)

SUZ. You gave it to Monsieur Brisemouche?

BAP. No, I didn't, my lady —

SUZ. Grant me patience! You said —

BAP. He took it out of my hand.

SUZ. (*aside*). Brisemouche has it—unlucky chance!—there is no trusting such a man. (*Aloud*.) Do you know where he is?

BAP. He was here just now, my lady—I will call him!

(*Crosses to L.*)

SUZ. No, no, don't call him—no noise—let him know I want to see him. (*Exit BAP., L. 2 E.*) I must get it from him without awakening his suspicions. I am on burning coals, and cannot control my impatience! I'll watch for him in the hall!

Exit, L. 2 E. ANAT. comes forward.

ANAT. (C.). They are gone—I think I may venture —

(*Crosses to R.*)

Enter MAD. D., from dining-room, R. 2 E., and meets him.

MAD. D. Bless my heart! Monsieur Anatole!

ANAT. Hush, hush, not a word!

MAD. D. (*low*). Mademoiselle Zenobie let me know you wouldn't dine here. (*They come down.*)

ANAT. (*sorrowfully*). Yes; she packed me off to my tutor's in the market cart, and told old Jean to keep an eye on me. But I persuaded him to get down for a glass of brandy—jumped out of the cart—and here I am.

MAD. D. And now you are here, what do you mean to do here?

ANAT. (L.). Why—see her—tell her I love her—love her a thousand times more than ever. I mean to hide here in the conservatory, where there will be no Zenobie at my heels. But, first of all, I must write to Mademoiselle Mathilde.

(*Feels in his pockets.*) Now there, I've lost my pocketbook ! But here's the pencil ! Give me a scrap of paper—any scrap of paper —

MAD. D. (R.). Yes, I dare say, and I suppose you'll want me to carry your letter next ?

ANAT. Of course, you won't refuse me ?

MAD. D. Of course I shall ! Well, I never !—the impudence. (*Aside.*) I'd better go or he would wheedle me over in no time—the little rascal !

Exit into dining-room, R. 2 E.

ANAT. What am I to do now ? I can't write without paper—oh ! bother ! (*Sits down in despair on bench L. at the opposite end to BRISE.'s gun.*) What's this?—a paper screwed up. (*Takes the horn of the paper out of the gun and shakes it.*) There's something inside. (*Opens it.*) Oh ! lud, a beetle !—one of my guardian's treasures. Well, what matter to him, a beetle more or less ? He'll think he lost it as he came along. (*Shakes out the beetle.*) Poor thing, it little dreams it owes its life to the power of love. (*Tears burnt end from paper.*) There, it looks better with that ragged edge torn off—there's writing on it—never mind, there's one side clean, that will do. (*Writes.*) "They wanted to send me away, but I have returned. They say I must complete my studies—but my only study henceforth will be to make you happy by becoming your husband. I have hidden myself in the conservatory—forever and ever your —"

BRISE. (*without, L.*). The paper, the paper, what do you mean ? (*ANAT. springs in among the bushes, R. C., and hides. Enter BRISE., followed by SUZ., L. 2 E. BRISE. R., aloud.*) What is all this about a paper ? I haven't the slightest comprehension of what you mean !

SUZ. (L.). For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud !

BRISE. But what paper ?

SUZ. A scrap of paper, set on fire and thrown out of Monsieur Prosper's window, to be sure !

BRISE. Oh ! the scrap of paper set on fire and—then why didn't you say so at once ?

SUZ. At all events, I say so now. But where is it?—where is it?—where is it ?

BRISE. But what can you want with only a scrap of paper—half burned, too—a little paltry scrap not worth —

SUZ. (*exasperated*). What—did—you—do—with—it ?

BRISE. I made a cage of it.

SUZ. A cage ?

BRISE. Yes ; to enclose a beautiful specimen of the tiger-beetle, which tickled the palm of my hand so confoundedly, kicking about in it that I ——

SUZ. (R.). But again—where is it ?

BRISE. Oh ! I stuck it into my gun.

(*Goes up and brings down his gun to L. of SUZ. without looking at it.*)

SUZ. I have it now !

BRISE. Why, it's no longer there ! (*Looks at his gun.*)

SUZ. No longer there ?

BRISE. Clean gone !

SUZ. (*alarmed*). Lost !

BRISE. Oh ! the little monster of a beetle ! He must have kicked about so much that he rolled down, cage and all.

SUZ. Then it can't be gone far ; let us hunt about for it.

(*Goes up stage looking anxiously about.*)

BRISE. (*up L. C., hunting among the plants*). It's remarkable—it's very remarkable how intelligent these little animals are. I'll write a paper on the subject for the Entomological Society of the Department—a most interesting paper. (*Suddenly.*) Oh ! I've found—(*Suz. comes down, thinking he has found the paper*) I've found such a good title ! “The Insect's Escape ; or, the Beetle's Bastille.” (*Suz. turns away angrily.*) Hey ! a capital title !

SUZ. (*hunting in vain*). Nothing—nothing ! but have it I must. Look everywhere—look everywhere ! (*Seeing the BARON coming.*) No, no—don't look—don't look anywhere.

(*Hurriedly comes down R. C.*)

BRISE. (*up stage ; surprised*). Eh ! what ?

Enter BARON, LOUISE, and ZENO., L. 2 E. *The latter saunters to back, near door.*

BARON. Well, ain't we going to dine to-day ? ✓

Enter MATH., *from dining-room*, R. 2 E.

MATH. Yes ; dinner is all ready.

Enter BAP., from dining-room, R. 2 E.

BAP. (*at entrance*). Dinner is on the table, my lady.

BARON (L. C.). That's all right.

LOUISE (*coming down to SUZ. and whispering*). Gone away?

SUZ. (*absent, and hunting about after the beetle with her eyes*). Yes, gone! entirely gone; a tiresome little beast!

LOUISE (*surprised*). A tiresome little beast! Monsieur Prosper?

SUZ. Monsieur Prosper! No—yes! (*Aside.*) Poor fellow!

LOUISE. Now *he* is gone, and my letter burned, I breathe more freely. (*Goes up R.*)

SUZ. (*aside*). Do you? And I am suffocating!

BARON (*looking at SUZ.*). Anxious and embarrassed—matters are not made up then. I must take the affair upon myself, I see. (*Crosses and offers his arm to SUZ.*) Cousin Suzanne!

(R. BRISE. *offers his arm to ZENO., LOUISE crosses to R. 2 E. to follow BAP. into dining-room.*)

SUZ. (*taking his arm mechanically, and looking back as she follows the party into the dining-room*). Ah! thank you.

MATH. (C. *as SUZ. passes*). Have you lost anything?

SUZ. Nothing, only a little beast—I mean a brooch.

BARON (*stopping near door R.*). Here! in the conservatory?

SUZ. (*eagerly*). Oh! don't think of looking for it—it's not worth the trouble, I assure you. (*Low over her shoulder to MATH.*) Tell Madame Dupont to come and speak to me.

Exit with the BARON into the dining-room after the others, MATH. going last.

MATH. (*apart; going*). I will. And to think of Anatole not coming after all. Oh! I'll give it to him when I catch him.

Exit into dining-room, R. 2 E. ANAT. *opens the branches of the plants, R. C., and creeps out on all-fours, his letter in his hand.*

ANAT. At last I'm free again. And I can't say I was very comfortable in there, amidst a quantity of outlandish plants

that scraped my face and poked my neck, and picked my legs ; but now, how to send my letter ?

He goes up and looks out into the park. Enter PAUL., L. 2 E., with a smart handkerchief.

PAUL. Come, I look something like now. (*Going toward dining-room, sees ANAT.*) Well, if there isn't Mademoiselle Zenobie's young gentleman !

READY off R. noise of plates.

ANAT. (*R., turning, alarmed*). Ah ! pray, my good young woman, don't tell anybody that you have seen me here. Nobody must know—nobody !

PAUL. (*L.*). Make your mind easy, sir. It's my business to hold my tongue. (*Aside.*) When I'm not paid to the contrary.

ANAT. (*aside*). Oh ! perhaps she would take the letter—I've read of such things in novels. Suppose I tried. (*Aloud.*) Mademoiselle !

(Beckons her. She comes to L. of him.)

PAUL. Sir !

ANAT. (*awkward and embarrassed*). You—you—you are very pretty, Mademoiselle.

PAUL. I've heard people say so, sir.

ANAT. (*as before, with his eyes cast down*). And people say very right. But—but—there's one thing you haven't got !

PAUL. (*looking at him fiercely*). Not fine eyes, I suppose.

ANAT. Oh ! yes, you have very fine eyes—no, I mean a pair of nice ear-drops.

PAUL. (*aside*). So bribery and corruption is our little game.

ANAT. (*aside*). I hope she won't be indignant, and fly in a passion. (*Very timidly.*) Oh ! if I dared to —

(Slips a purse in her hand.)

PAUL. Anything you please, sir.

ANAT. (*delighted*). May I ? Then just take this letter for me, will you ?

PAUL. (*taking the letter*). I needn't ask who it's for.

(Laughing, crosses to R.)

ANAT. And you'll give it to her? (*Follows.*)

PAUL. Do you think I don't know my business?

ANAT. (*enchanté*). Pauline, I must kiss you for that.

(*Kisses her.*)

PAUL. I suppose I am to keep that for myself, sir.

Exit into dining-room, R. 2 E.

ANAT. Oh! I'm going it—I really *am* going it!—running away—hiding in secret places—sending clandestine *billet doux*—and kissing chambermaids—oh! it's just like a novel! Who's there? Deuce take him! (*Hides, R. C., in bushes.*)

Enter PROSP., C. door, from L., wrapped in the shawl.

PROSP. (C.). Nothing—I've got nothing but the rheumatism, and a perfectly wolfish hunger.

NOISE of plates and glasses off R.

Oh! yes! all the others are at dinner, satisfying their vile appetites without me. Was ever man in a more ridiculous position—a more ridiculous attire? Prosper, my friend, you are a pretty fellow, after sailing round the world in safety, to be wrecked all at once on the reefs of woman's wheedledom! This shawl is like the shirt of Nessus. It burns me to the heart's core; and yet I cannot tear it off! Dear shawl! and dearer owner of the shawl! whom I—I—— (*Kisses the shawl.*) There, don't mince the matter, idiot! it's no use—whom I love! whom I adore! 'Pon my soul, I must adore her, if I go raving up and down here all day instead of getting my dinner.

Goes toward R. Enter MAD. D. from dining-room, R. 2 E.

MAD. D. Sir!

PROSP. Don't stop me—(*crossing to R. 2 E.*) I'm dying of hunger! (*MAD. D. lays hold of his shawl.*) Don't touch that shawl, woman!

MAD. D. But you are Monsieur Prosper.

(*Pulls him down stage.*)

PROSP. (*MAD. D. as before*). Don't touch my shawl, I tell you! (*Makes a rush at the dining-room.*)

MAD. D. But Mademoiselle Suzanne told me ——

PROSP. (*returning eagerly*). Mademoiselle Suzanne? What of her?

MAD. D. (*mysteriously*). She told me to look for you as you came in, and let you know she had lost, somewhere about here, a paper with a little beast in it.

PROSP. (R. C.). A little beast? What's the little beast to me?

MAD. D. (L. C.). I'm sure I don't know—only she said you were to look for it—and told me to ask for her shawl.

PROSP. (*giving up the shawl*). Her shawl? Give it up? That completes my misery! (*Sinks down on a chair R.*) I'm a dead man!

MAD. D. Dead, sir? (*Crosses to R. 2 E.*)

PROSP. (*with dignity*). Go, woman, go, and leave me to die alone. (*Exit MAD. D., R. 2 E., with the shawl, expressing astonishment.*) If I stop and hunt for the little beast, I sha'n't be able to get any dinner. If I don't hunt, and go into the dining-room, she'll fulminate me with a reproachful glance, and I sha'n't be able to eat any dinner, for shame! No! (*Rises.*) I am her slave! her negro slave! I am doomed to serve all her little caprices, however absurd and ridiculous, and hunt for little beasts! To your work, hound! to your work! You have been chained and muzzled, and now you are to hunt for misses—so ho, sir! so ho! hunt for misses! seek for the little beast! seek hound, seek!

(*He goes up hunting and sniffing about, and disappears for a moment in the conservatory at L.*)

ANAT. (*coming down R. as PROSP. goes up*). I don't hear any one now—they are all at dinner. (*Looks out cautiously R. 2 E.*) I can see them all—they are changing plates. (*PROSP. reappears, and comes down hunting, first L., then R., and finally sits down wearily on settee.*) Ah! the maid-servant is making signs to me. (*Makes signs in return.*) Yes—yes—now's your time! She's taking up a plate and going. Holloa! where the deuce *is* she going? Oh! you little fool, it isn't—goodness gracious! She has given my letter to Mademoiselle Zenobie—oh!

PROSP. (*seated on bench, L., turning suddenly*). What's that? (*ANAT. hides in the clump of bushes, R.*) I heard a sort of scream. Can I have trod on a little beast? (*He looks*

about again and picks up the end of a burnt paper.) A little bit of pink paper burnt at the edge. Why, it's a portion of the very letter!—torn? who can have torn it—who? (*Enter BARON from dining-room, R. 2 E.*) Ah—I see—it's clear enough! It must have been the husband himself.

BARON (R.). I thought I heard a voice. (*Perceives him.*) Ah—it's you!

PROSP. (*rising*). I beg your pardon—I'm afraid I'm rather late. (*Goes to dining-room.*)

BARON (*stopping him*). Two words, if you please.

PROSP. (*aside, coming back L.*). I shall have to fight on an empty stomach.

BARON. Do you still entertain the same views you did this morning?

PROSP. (*aside*). They will have done dinner soon.

BARON. Do you still entertain the same views—

PROSP. Yes—no—that is—(*aside*) I had forgotten all about that! (*Aloud.*) Well, in principle, yes—in practice, no; certainly not—in fact, Madame de la Glacière displayed so much opposition to my projects—

BARON. She had her reasons, probably.

PROSP. I don't know what reasons.

BARON (*quietly*). Her unwillingness probably to see you sacrificing an old attachment to a new fancy.

PROSP. (*after looking at him steadily*). Indeed! (*Aside.*) Nothing like making the plunge at once. (*With a change of manner.*) I see, sir, that you know all.

BARON. All.

PROSP. Then perhaps you'll permit the conversation to drop until after dinner.

(*Attempts again to enter dining-room; stopped by BARON. They come down again.*)

BARON (L.). I beg pardon, sir—the affair is too serious to admit of any delay.

PROSP. (R.). Serious—serious! After all, there's nothing so very serious in the matter. I admit that I entertained a very strong regard for the lady—that there was a sort of understanding between us, and that we even had a trifling correspondence; but that was all—and the lady has no longer the slightest regard for me.

BARON. Her affection is undiminished.

PROSP. I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon—I give you my word of honor that —

BARON. She has confessed it to me herself.

PROSP. Confessed *it!*—confessed what?

BARON. Her attachment to you.

PROSP. She confessed that to you?

BARON. To me.

PROSP. (*aside*). I'm thunderstruck!

BARON. She has told me all, sir. Your desertion of her upon the most unfounded suspicion; your long absence in consequence; and, spite of your unkindness, the affection she still bears you —

PROSP. She told you *that!*

BARON. She told me that.

PROSP. (*aside*). Well, I must say she might have chosen another confidant. (*Aloud.*) I understand you, sir; and you have sought me to demand a reparation at the sword's point.

BARON. Far from it—to try and effect a reconciliation between you.

PROSP. (*stupefied*). What!

BARON. And to take you by the hand.

(*Stretches out his hand.*)

PROSP. You are too good. (*Aside.*) Too good, a vast deal!

BARON. Her happiness is in your hands.

PROSP. Is it?

BARON. Make her happy, then.

PROSP. (*shaking hands*). I should be delighted to oblige you, but —

BARON. And make me happy, too.

PROSP. But, my dear sir, have you maturely considered what you are proposing to me?

BARON. Do you think, sir, I would permit you to refuse a lady so closely allied to me—after proffering her the most ardent attachment—the satisfaction she has a right to demand?

PROSP. Surely Madame de la Glacière could never have sent you to —

BARON. I must insist, sir, you don't mix up my wife's name in this business.

PROSP. But how the deuce, sir, am I to do otherwise? Oh! I have had enough of this—you'll drive me mad, famished as I am. Do what you like—fight, or go to the —

BARON. Not another word. Time and place.

PROSP. (*exasperated*). When you please!

Enter SUZ. and LOUISE *hastily from dining-room, R. 2 E.*

SUZ. (*aside*). That is what I feared.

LOUISE (*aside*). A challenge! All is lost!

SUZ. (*throwing herself between them at c.*). Ah, Prosper! has the Baron's persuasion, then, had no more power over you than my tears?

PROSP. (*surprised*). Hey! what?

SUZ. Would you wish to see me at your feet?

BARON. Never would I suffer such a humiliation!

PROSP. (*aside*). What the deuce *does* all this mean?

SUZ. But when I swear, Prosper, that I never deceived you. (*Low to him.*) Back me up in all I say. (*Aloud.*) It was only a misapprehension. (*Aside.*) Back me up.

PROSP. (*bewildered*). But I don't see —

SUZ. (*low to him*). Don't be stupid! (*Aloud.*) You don't see that you break my heart?

PROSP. Break your heart!

SUZ. Yes, my loving heart, and you are still silent! Speak, sir, speak!

BARON. Now, sir, what have you to say?

PROSP. I have to say—I have to say — (*Aside.*) Oh! I have her now! (*Aloud.*) That if all she says be true —

SUZ. Can you doubt me, Prosper? (*Apart to him.*) That's right, go on—go on!

PROSP. (*aside*). That's right, is it? Just you wait a bit. (*Aloud.*) And you swear that you have never been faithless to me?

SUZ. Oh! never, never! (*Apart to him.*) Go on—go on!

PROSP. That you love me still?

SUZ. Love you! Oh! yes!

PROSP. Then, madam, I own that I, too, love—adore you! I swear it before these witnesses of our mutual affection.

SUZ. (*apart to him*). That will do, now! Quite enough!

PROSP. And I am ready to marry you, madam, as soon as you will.

SUZ. What are you doing?

PROSP. Backing you up.

SUZ. (*apart to him*). In make believe, of course.

PROSP. (*aside*). Deuce a bit! In downright earnest!
(*Aloud*.) Come to my arms, Suzanne!

SUZ. (*springing back*). You go too far, sir—you go too far.

BARON (*pushing her into PROSP.'s arms*). Never mind us, Suzanne; it's all in the family. Embrace him, I tell you.

PROSP. (*embracing her*). O Suzanne!

SUZ. O Prosper! (*Apart to him*.) You horrid traitor!

PROSP. I think I've caught you now.

SUZ. (*aside*). Don't make too sure of that.

Enter ZENO. and MATH., from the dining-room, R. 2 E., then BRISE., then BAP. and PAUL. BAP. places tray with coffee, etc., on table, R. C.; LOUISE, SUZ., and PROSP. group themselves near it. MATH. and ZENO. sit on settee, L. C., the BARON in front of them. PAUL. stands at C., up stage, waiting to serve coffee, which during scene she passes. During the following BRISE. is alone in front, holding a piece of paper in his hand; he is slightly intoxicated.

BRISE. (*down L. C.*). It is a love letter!—a love letter to Zenobie! I shouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen—with my own eyes seen—the young woman slip it under her plate. (*Reads*.) "I am obliged to leave home by daylight, dearest love." Now, who the deuce could ever call Zenobie "dearest love"? (*Reads again*.) "But far or near, my soul will follow thine." All this to Zenobie! It is incredible! but here it is. Ah, here's a chance—if I could but get rid of Zenobie—force the fellow to marry her—what a piece of good luck it would be. (*Folds the paper in two*.)

BARON (*coming down c., with a cup of coffee in his hand*). Don't you take coffee?

BRISE. (*aside*). Ah—an idea! (*Gives paper to the BARON*.) Do you know that handwriting?

BARON. This? (*As he opens the paper PROSP. is coming down between them a little to rear with a cup of coffee in his hand, and observes the BARON reading the reverse side to that read by BRISE.*) "They wanted to send me away, but I have returned."

BRISE. Nonsense—"returned"—he said he was obliged to go.

BARON (*continuing to read*). "They say I must continue my studies."

(PROSP. recognizes bit of paper and watches intently while calmly sipping his coffee, unobserved by BRISE. or the BARON.)

BRISE. Nonsense—"studies"—no, no—"dearest love."

BARON. No—"studies"—it is written in pencil!

BRISE. No—"dearest love"—in ink. (*Takes letter and turns over to the other side.*) There—it is there!

(*Gives back letter to the BARON.*)

PROSP. (*coming down hastily*). The letter!

(*Snatches it from the BARON.*)

BARON (R., *still laughing*). Come, let's see this wonderful letter.

PROSP. (C.). No, no; I can't allow it.

BRISE. (L.). But why?

PROSP. (*quietly finishing his cup of coffee*). Because I don't want to admit everybody into my confidence.

(*Gives his empty cup to BRISE. to hold.*)

BRISE. Then you wrote that letter?

PROSP. Well, and if I did?

BRISE. What! unworthy friend, you have taken advantage of being under my roof, to make love to Zenobie—delude her innocence—

BARON. He! make love to Zenobie?

BRISE. But, of course, he will take her off of my hands—I mean marry her?

BARON (*giving his empty cup to BRISE. to hold*). What does all this mean, sir? This morning you make love to Mathilde—this evening, you promise to marry Suzanne—and all the while you are making love to Zenobie.

BRISE. Don't you call Zenobie "dearest love"?

PROSP. Never dreamed of such a thing!

BRISE. But the proof is that scrap of paper.

BARON. Yes—show us the scrap of paper—what is it?

PROSP. As you say—a mere scrap of paper.

(*Shows it behind his back to SUZ.*)

SUZ. (*to LOUISE, alarmed*). It is the letter!

LOUISE (*alarmed*). The letter!

PROSP. (*coolly*). But as you seem to attach some mystery

to this scrap of paper, I request Mademoiselle Suzanne—my wife—to judge of its contents. (*Holds out paper to SUZ.*)

BARON (*seising letter to the alarm of PROSP. and SUZ.*). So be it—Suzanne shall read and judge!

SUZ. (*coming down to R. of PROSP.*). It is unnecessary—quite. I know what it contains. (*Takes the paper.*)

BARON. You know?

SUZ. Yes—a mere bit of folly—a joke.

BRISE. A joke! a joke! The chance of getting rid of Zenobie is no joke!

BARON. Beware, Suzanne—your life's happiness may be concerned. (*Crosses to SUZ.*)

SUZ. Well, even if it be? (*Gives paper to PROSP., R., and takes a lighted candle from table R. C., and holds it to him.*) Burn it, my good friend.

BARON. Suzanne!

SUZ. (*holding candle*). Burn—burn!

BARON. Ah! you're a happy man to marry such a woman who trusts you so implicitly.

PROSP. I know I am. (*Burns the letter and puts the taper on one of the coffee cups held by BRISE.—looking at the ashes of letter. BARON goes up R. to LOUISE.*) Oh! you confounded little rascal of a scrap of paper, what a peck of troubles you have put me in.

BRISE. (*L., holding the two cups of coffee and taper*). I take my oath I saw the words "dearest love."

ZENO. (*coming down L. C.*). What's that you are saying?

SUZ. (*R.*). My dear Mademoiselle Zenobie, I've a piece of pleasant intelligence to communicate. We've just made up a match between Monsieur Anatole—

ZENO. (*simpering*). Oh! dear—spare my feelings!

SUZ. And my little cousin Mathilde.

ANAT. (*springing forward from the bushes, R.*). Oh! what joy! (*Crosses L., to seat beside MATH.*)

ZENO. (*aside*). The little wretch was there all the time.

ANAT. (*kissing the hand of MATH.*). I am so happy.

PROSP. (*to SUZ.*). And so am I.

(*They come down to R. corner hand in hand.*)

WARN curtain.

SUZ. (*low to him*). I have no doubt you are. You have given your word to start to-night for the Cannibal Islands.

PROSP. By all means—but not without my wife.

SUZ. What ! do you want to eat me up !

PROSP. With love !

LOUISE (*coming down R.*). Suzanne, you must give in, you know.

SUZ. (*smiling*). Well, it seems fated I am to sacrifice myself for others.

PROSP. Yes ; to insure my happiness.

LOUISE. Your own as well.

RING *slow curtain.*

PROSP. And the contentment of all around, I trust.

SUZ. (*looking at the ashes*). And all on account of a mere scrap of paper !

	BARON	SUZ.	
BAP.			PAUL.
	LOUISE	PROSP.	ZENO.
	ANAT.		BRIS.
MATH.			L.
R.		C.	

CURTAIN

Memory Lane

With the Fragrance of Salt Water Breezes

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Roland Oliver

A Cape Cod play and a delightful one. The scene is laid in Quantam in Obadiah Gray's general store. Obadiah has two daughters, half-sisters: one, Vangie, a coy young thing; the other, Hester, as charming a girl as may be found. The play opens at the beginning of the war. Robert Perry, a young engineer, having done big things for his town, has enlisted. He intends to propose to Hester before going away but through a misunderstanding he fails to do so. His departure leaves the path to romance open for one Jonah, local newspaper editor and real estate operator. Six years after the war, Robert, now a well-known and successful engineer, returns to a rejuvenated village, gets himself engaged to Vangie, becomes disengaged, and after a hectic time sets things right to the happy culmination of his romance with Hester. In the woof of the play are many interesting happenings,—a venture in antiques, small town gossip, politics and a varied assortment of character types. Obadiah, frankly a hick; Jonah, a shrewd Yankee putting on city airs; Mrs. Gordyn, a fashionable summer visitor; her callow son Willie. You'll chuckle with delight at the "mooning" between Willie and Vangie, Hester, good to look at, and Rob, an up and coming young professional man. A play of Broadway tendencies, good enough for the best dramatic clubs and not too difficult for any group that wants to give a real honest-to-goodness play that will prove to be an outstanding success.

CHARACTERS

Hester Gray.
Evangeline, her younger half-sister.
Mrs. J. Lester Gordyn.
Robert Perry, a civil engineer.
Willie Gordyn.
Jonah Crowe, a politician.
Obadiah Gray, father of the two girls.

ACT I. Gray's general store, June, 1917.

ACT II. Gray & Crowe's antique store. (Same set.)
September, 1924.

ACT III. The same, the same evening.

PLAYING TIME: Two and one-quarter hours.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

Cat O'Nine Tails

Something New—The Mystery Frappe

By Laurence G. Worcester

At last we have it—the ideal mystery play for amateurs. But wait a minute and listen to this recipe. Take one cold-blooded murder, add to it a human skeleton, referred to as off-stage, blood curdling shrieks, unearthly noises, a female Sherlock Holmes, a half-witted servant, a jealous woman, an underground tunnel, a vicious dog, heard but not seen, a nervous wreck, a beautiful girl, an international crook, flavor with comedy and sweeten with a secret love affair. Pour into a lonely lodge, shake well and serve with thunder and lightning and you'll enjoy the taste of this newest beverage, the mystery frappe. Can easily be played in one interior by using a reverse scene.

"I might add that this play, CAT O'NINE TAILS, has been voted the best done and best liked play ever put on at the Academy, where we have been unusually successful in the matter of dramatic performance, including, IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE, NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, CLARENCE, ON THE HIRING LINE, and a large number of royalty one-act programs. No high school with any kind of stage equipment should pass up this play." Utica, New York.

CAST

James Gordon, Sr., master of "Gordon Lodge."
Mrs. James Gordon, his nervous wife.
Jimmie Gordon, their "good-looking" boy.
Jacob Webber, the caretaker of "Gordon Lodge."
Betty Webber, his lovable daughter.
Theodora Maitland, a friend of the Gordons.
Henry, the chore boy.
Fox, a detective.
Miss Smith, a female "Sherlock Holmes."
Bridget, the cook.
Peggy, her daughter.
Cat O'Nine Tails . . . ?

- ACT I. Living-room in the "Gordon Lodge," near the Canadian line in Maine. . . And the clock strikes twelve.
- ACT II. Same . . . the next night. . . And the villain appears.
- ACT III. An underground room of the lodge, a few minutes later. . . And the mystery is solved.
- GOODNIGHT.

Royalty Only Fifteen Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Seventy-Five Cents Each

Climbing Roses

A Farcical Mirthquake in Three Acts

By Eugene G. Hafer

We heartily recommend this as one of the most uproariously funny, intensely interesting and charming plays in print. The rapid-fire action achieves a tremendously forceful climax, and all of the characters are delightful. The cast comprises very common but warm-hearted Maggie Rose and her crude husband Jim Rose, whose efforts to effect an entrance into high society will convulse any audience; dynamic Peggy Rose, a common little rosebud, who also strives to climb the social trellis; pretty Hazel Sommers, who has a fondness for orange blossoms; excitable Priscilla Prentice, an unpicked dandelion; Mrs. Warren, a leader in society; Joyce Belmont, a hothouse orchid; Winnie Clarke, a pretty little neighborhood pest; Jack Archer, America's foremost author, over whose expected coming the town is agog but who is working incognito as yardman for the lowly Roses; Ferdie Wimbledon, not a candidate for orange blossoms; loud-mouthed Dryden Proonis, the town sport, who is decidedly not a shrinking violet; and Percy Southworth, a meek acorn striving to be a dominant oak.

CHARACTERS

Peggy Rose, a common little rosebud.

Maggie Rose, her aunt.

Hazel Sommers, who has a fondness for orange blossoms.

Priscilla Prentice, an unpicked dandelion.

Mrs. Warren, a leader in society.

Joyce Belmont, a hothouse orchid.

Winnie Clarke, a little neighborhood pest.

Jack Archer, alias Watson. Who cultivates the Roses.

Ferdie Wimbledon, not a candidate for orange blossoms.

Jim Rose, Maggie's husband. Common garden variety.

Dryden Proonis, not a shrinking violet.

Percy Southworth, a very dominant young man.

And three extra men for bit parts. Ferdie, Dryden and

Percy can easily double for these character parts.

SCENE: Living-room in the home of Peggy Rose.

TIME: The present. Spring.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

Meet Uncle Sally

**A Gigantic Snowball of Farce Situations
A Comedy in Three Acts
By Jay Tobias**

Here is a new play that bids fair to out-distance in popularity such wonderful successes as "The Arrival of Kitty" and "Charley's Aunt." It is one of those rare and really funny plays which acts itself, is always a success and has to be repeated. Every member of the cast has a hit part. There's action every minute with ex-cruciatingly funny situations and a smooth running dialogue which is easy to memorize and natural to give. When Sally agrees to impersonate the millionaire uncle of Ben and Betty, she little knows of the rocks ahead. The fact that the real Uncle arrives in person merely adds to the general joyousness of the situation. Three pretty romances are woven into the plot, another one is of the ridiculously overdrawn sort in which Aunt Dorinda and Miss Muggs lay siege to the heart of at times Uncle Sally and again Uncle Bill. Jennie, the Swede cook, is the funniest character part in any modern play. Snorkins, a Cockney butler, is the other half of this comedy team. It is difficult to conceive situations out of which the humor has been more completely wrung than those introduced in "Meet Uncle Sally." Clean as a whistle, easy to produce, no scenery or costume problems to be met and a SUCCESS.

CHARACTERS

Ben Blayne, a young lawyer.
Betty Blayne, his sister.
Jennie, a Swede cook.
Sally Sherwood, a college student.
Bob Durant, Betty's fiance.
Snorkins, a Cockney butler.
Elaine Durant, Ben's fiancée.
Aunt Dorinda, Bob and Elaine's aunt.
Dr. Jimmy Snodgrass, an osteopath.
Miss Muggs, Dean of Ketcham College.
Reverend Wright, a preacher.
William Hawkins, Ben and Betty's uncle.

- ACT I. Living-room at the Blaynes', about four-thirty of an autumn afternoon.
ACT II. Same as Act I. One hour later.
ACT III. The same. Three minutes later.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

Here Comes Patricia

An Uproarious and Charming Play

By Eugene G. Hafer

On a certain spring morning the whole population of the town of Fern Lawn gasps to see a pretty, nineteen-year-old, overall-clad girl in charge of the local filling station. Inquiry reveals that she is Patricia Hammond. Within a week she is twice threatened with being driven out of town by the indignant townspeople. Never having been driven out of any town before, Patricia views the prospect with delighted enthusiasm. To Jimmy Clark, a newcomer, is assigned the dismaying task of getting rid of her. What luck he has is all bad. To add to his troubles, Jimmy falls in love with the little nuisance. About this time the whole town is agog over the expected coming of the governor of the state and his daughter. The big night arrives. Wild enthusiasm reigns as a mammoth parade, colored flares, and cheering throngs greet the distinguished guests. Then out of the car of honor, leaning on the governor's arm, steps the governor's daughter—Patricia! Mrs. Smith-Porter, the town aristocracy; Tim Hopper, the "drawly" town loafer; coy, persistent Elsie Crowder; long-suffering, much-abused Elbert Hastings; homely Bud Flannigan, upon whom Angelina and Minnie Knoop have matrimonial designs; peppery Adam Wade; Jimmy and unquenchable Patricia—all are splendid rôles.

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Carrol, a pleasant, motherly old widow.

Elsie Crowder, a pretty young neighbor.

Mrs. Smith-Porter, the town aristocracy.

Angelina Knoop, another young neighbor—not so pretty.

Minnie Knoop, Angelina's cousin.

Patricia Grayson, daughter of the governor.

Jimmy Clark, a newcomer in Fern Lawn.

Elbert Hastings, a much abused member of the governor's staff.

Adam Wade, Jimmy's peppery boss.

Tim Hopper, the town's bad example.

Bud Flannigan, a young man—evidently Irish.

SCENE: Living-room in the home of Mrs. Carrol in Fern Lawn.

TIME: The Present. Spring.

PLAYING TIME: Approximately two and a quarter hours.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

The Restless Jewel

A Merry Melodramatic Mystery in Three Acts

By Adam Applebud (Carl Pierce)

Five Men

Seven Women

Two Interior Sets

Following the huge success of OH, KAY! Adam Applebud has written by popular request, another play of the melodramatic mystery type with plenty of comedy, giving us another of the adventures of Kay Millis, the girl detective. The plot is full of surprises which are legitimately introduced and logically worked out which is something which cannot be said for all plays of this type. The characters are diversified. For instance we have a pair of love-sick newlyweds, a gentle old lady, several crooks, prosperous business men, a facetious salesman and others. Some of them may not be what they seem at the start but you never suspect it before the finish or rather you'll suspect everyone from the start. There are thrills, surprises, love scenes, hilarious comedy, emotional scenes, all skillfully put together to form a swiftly moving, fascinating play. Clubs seeking a play of surprises, will thrill to one climax after another and one where smiles will round into chuckles and chuckles into uproarious laughter, cannot do better than to send for a copy of this sure-fire winner.

CHARACTERS

Albert Tisbury.

Aunt Hetty.

Gracie, her niece.

Kay Millis, of the Millis Detective Agency.

"Jersey Jennie."

Margaret Tisbury, sister-in-law of Albert.

Robert Blank.

Gerald Gardiner.

Nan Blank, Robert's wife.

Emma, the Blanks' maid.

Rupert Schools.

Policeman.

ACT I. A corner of the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station, New York City. Five O'Clock.

ACT II. Living-room at the Blank residence in a New York suburb. About an hour later.

ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

Lady Lilac

The Further Adventures of Cat O' Nine Tails

A Play in Three Acts

By Lawrence G. Worcester

Five Men

Six Women

One Interior Set

Here at last is the ideal mystery play for amateurs devoid of gruesomeness, of tricky mechanics and gun play, but holding the desirable qualities of uniqueness of plot, suspense, curiosity, comedy, drama and romance. To those clubs which have successfully produced the author's earlier mystery play CAT O' NINE TAILS, LADY LILAC is especially recommended, for here the adventures of CAT O' NINE TAILS are further exploited. The plot stories, though, are entirely differentiated. The only clue to the solving of the murder of Capt. Lane is the faint fragrance of lilac perfume. Is it enough, though, to fasten the crime on? The cast is variously characterized. Every member of it has a splendid opportunity to create a star rôle. There's a lady detective; a rube constable; the mysterious landlord; the young, good-looking hotel clerk; Speedy, the Swede chore boy; a wise-cracking traveling salesman; young, pretty and vivacious girls, guests at the inn; a French girl (dialect part) strongly enmeshed in the queer goings on; Mrs. Ware, a dowager type, and a woman in black—who is she?

CHARACTERS

Miss Smith, a female "Sherlock Holmes."

Hi Periwinkle, the town constable.

Richard Lane, the proprietor of "Lilac Inn."

Emery Potter, the hotel clerk.

Speedy, the Swedish chore boy.

Horace Hathaway, the traveling salesman.

Maybelle Mason, a guest.

Dorothy Wingate, a guest.

Josephine Bonaparte, the French tennis champion.

Florabelle Williamsburg, a guest.

Mrs. Ware, a guest.

- ACT I. The combination office and living-room at "Lilac Lake Inn," near the Canadian border in a remote part of Maine. A morning in summer.
- ACT II. The same. Late afternoon of the same day.
- ACT III. The same. Immediately afterwards.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

Practical Success Insurance

Or What the

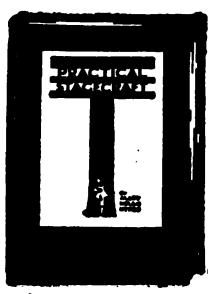
RUNNIN' THE SHOW

by Richard M. Whorf and Reginald M. Whorf



create every possible illusion. The book contains 600 illustrations and 100 photographs. Price, board binding, \$1.00 Postpaid.

PRACTICAL STAGECRAFT



Costumes, Designing and Making Costume Accessories and Properties Make-up, Production Management—Front and Back Stage. Price, board bindings, \$1.00 Postpaid.

An illustrated manual for Librarians and directors of school dramatics. I. Hynes. The author's preface describes the book as a "fascinating art of play production of fundamental technique that would enable an experienced worker to solve the problems of setting, costuming and staging presented those facts that I have gathered from my experience on the professional stage and in the field to be fundamentals of the profession; and I have sought to treat them in a simple and non-technical manner, so that they may be as usable to the amateur as to the professional." CONTENTS: Organization, Designing Scenery and Model Making, Building and Painting Scenery, Handling Scenery, Lighting, Dyeing and Ornamentation, Designing and Making Costumes, Designing and Making Costume Accessories and Properties, Production Management—Front and Back Stage. Price, board bindings, \$1.00 Postpaid.

TIME TO MAKE UP



style, lavishly illustrated, well printed and attractive. Price, board binding, \$1.00 Postpaid.

By Richard B. Whorf. This is a book of considerable worth to the people of the theatre, both amateur and professional. Make-up is an art, demanding real skill and Mr. Whorf is not only adept in it but is also a practical teacher of its use. Every conceivable phase of the art is explained in this book both by word and picture and the almost one hundred pen and ink sketches are fully drawn by the author artist. He explains the reasons for using make-up carefully—tells of the materials necessary and of the methods of applying them to obtain any desired effect. There are chapters on the use of false noses, wigs, beards and how to make up the face. Every type of national character is carefully given directions for making up. Special type characters such as clowns, minstrels are covered. This is a book of all technicalities, written in a simple and concise style. Price, board binding, \$1.00 Postpaid.

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

DEC 30 1997

RETURNED

JAN 05 1998

Santa Cruz

SENT ON ILL

JUN 19 2001

U. C. BERKELEY

12.000 (11/95)

PAMPHLET BINDER

Syracuse, N. Y.

Stockton, Calif.

BORROWED

now, or

call.

